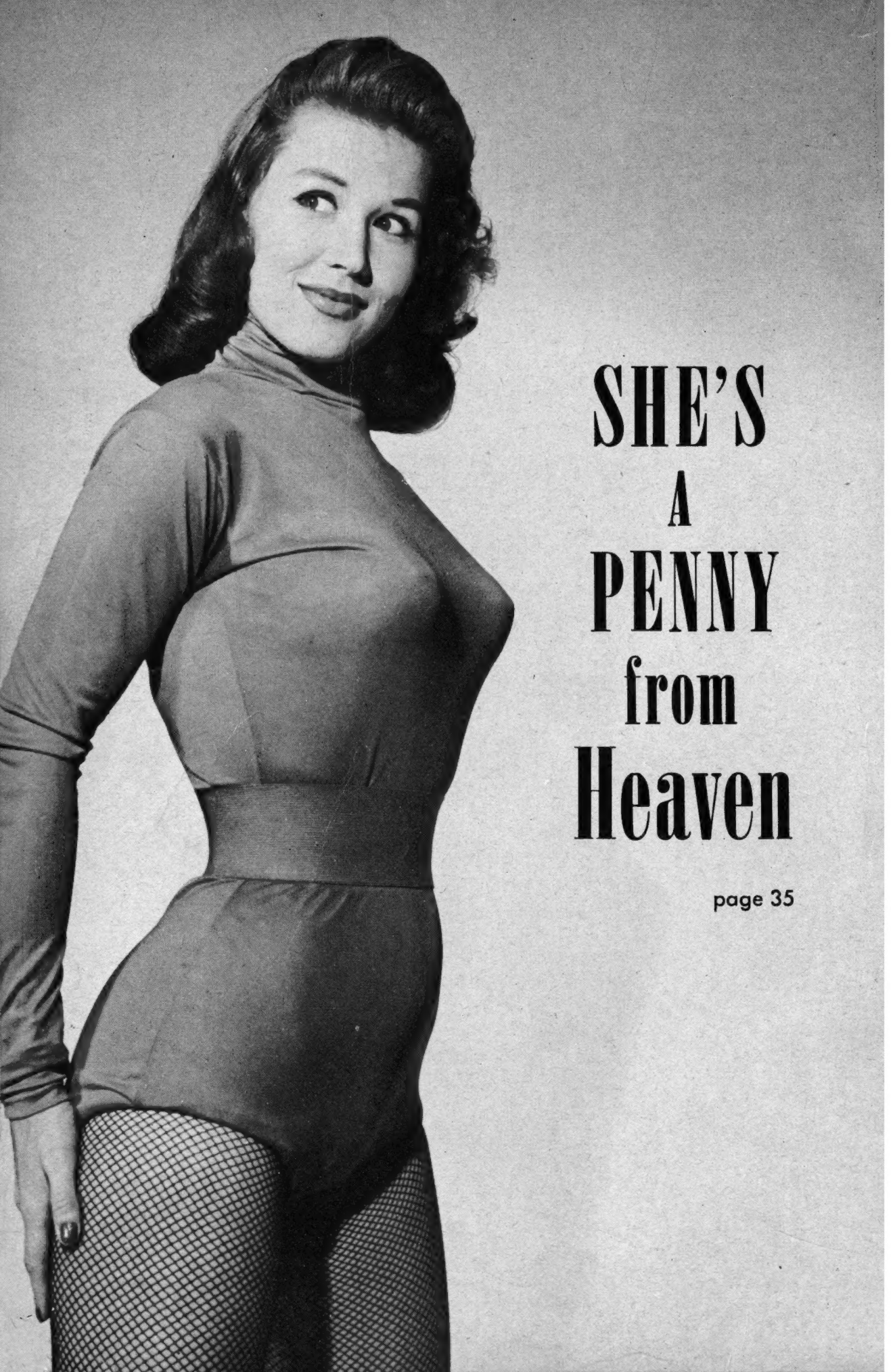
EYE

PEOPLE and PICTURES

ATLAS

MAR.
25c

You Can't TAME This Girl



SHE'S A PENNY from Heaven

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EYE

PEOPLE and PICTURES

MARCH, 1954

VOL. 4, NO. 3

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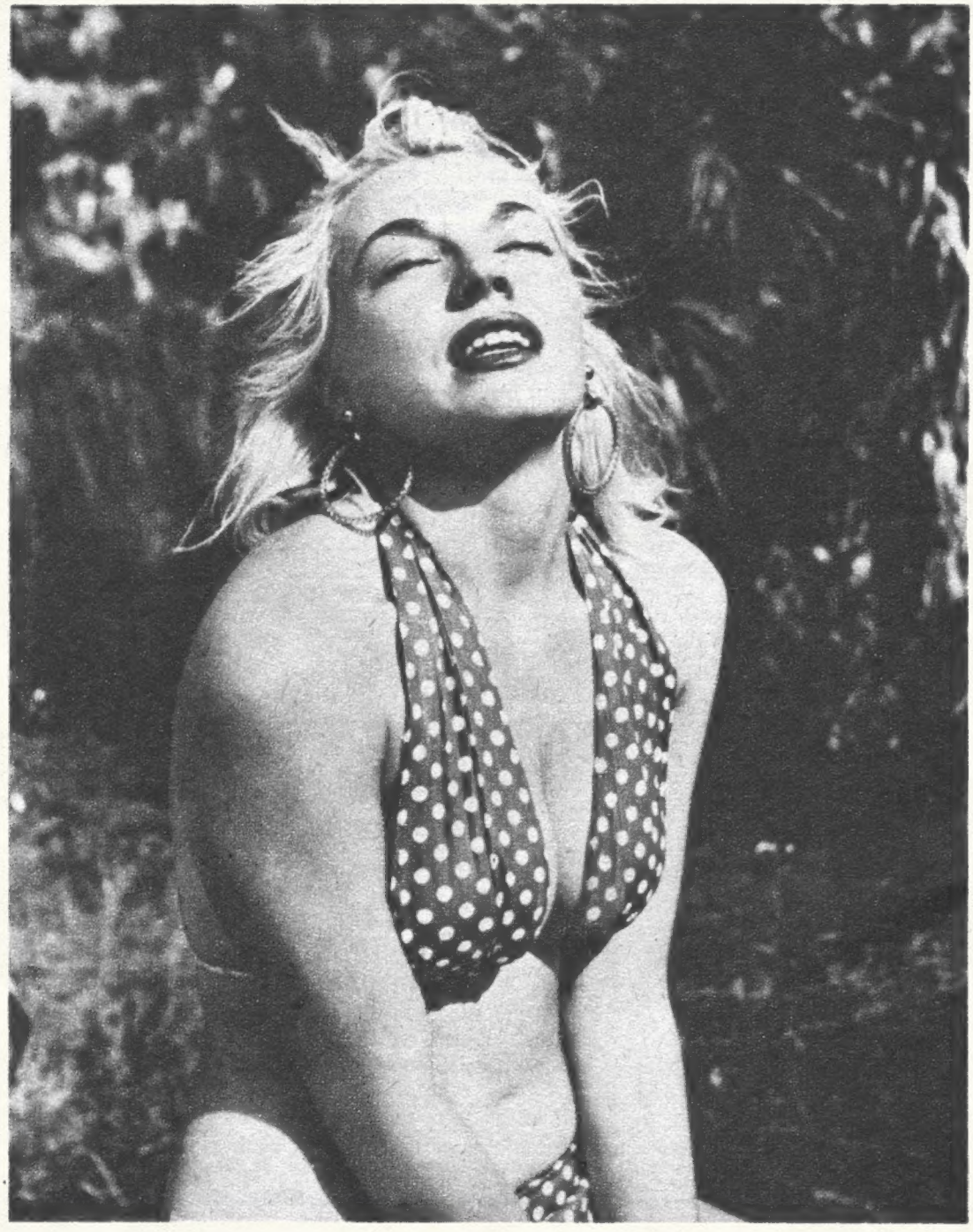
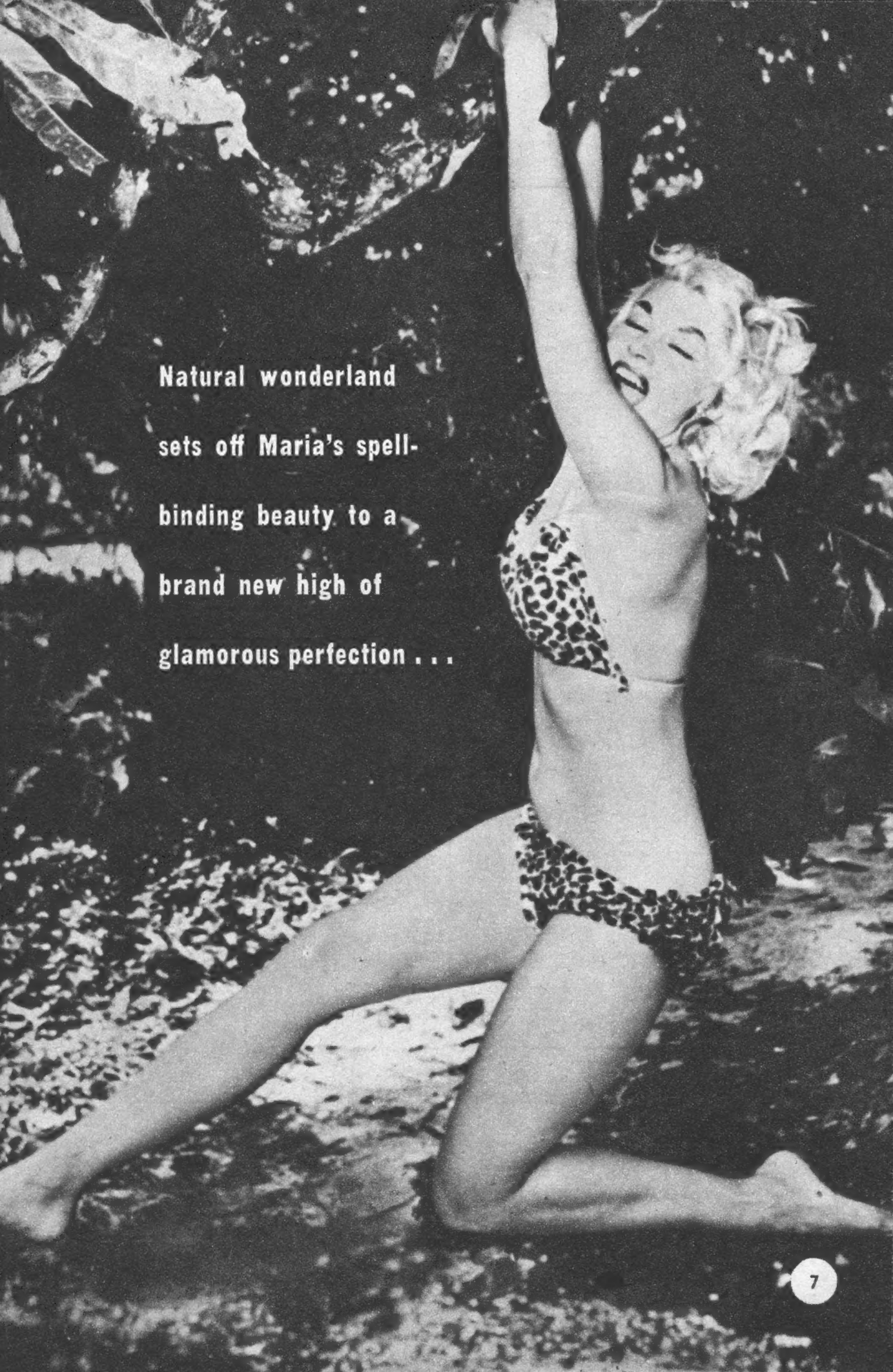
WILD--AND



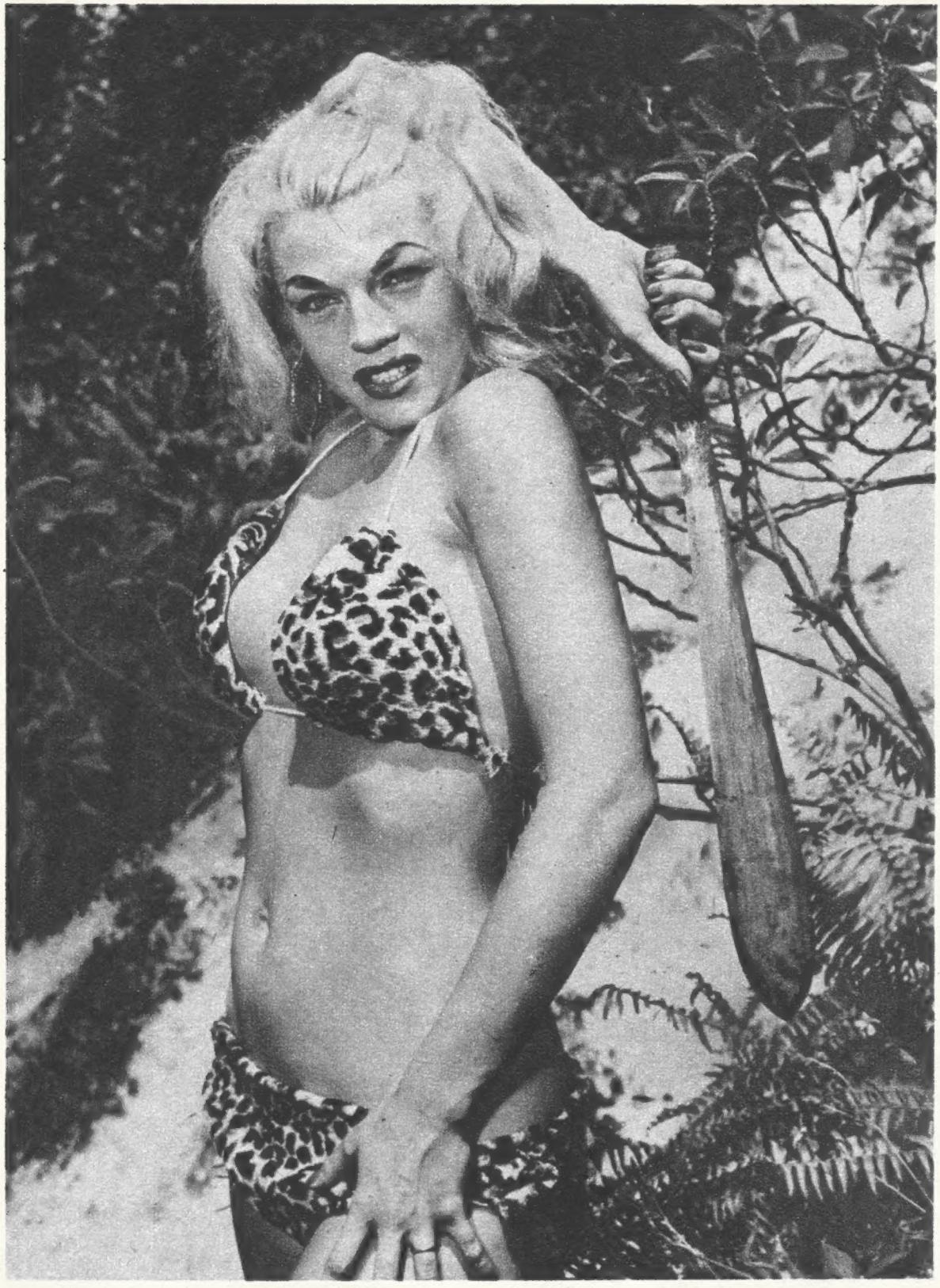
WONDERFUL

M-m-Maria Stinger — Florida's femme fatale — goes sensationally native in Africa, U. S. A.

➤ Miami-bound model Maria Stinger didn't need coaxing. When EYE's lensman suggested a safari into darkest Africa, she jumped at the unexpected vacation. The bewitching blonde—a city-pent nature girl—was ready for the jungle journey in a matter of minutes. Replete in tiger skin bikini, she became a dazzling wild woman. Maria's trip, by the way, took place a stone's throw from home. She spent her uninhibited holiday posing for the photographer in Boca Raton's famous facsimile of the Tanganyikan wilds and loved every minute of it.


Natural wonderland
sets off Maria's spell-
binding beauty to a
brand new high of
glamorous perfection . . .

Lush Maria's fabulous field day inside "Tanganyika Territory" gave her a rare vacation from model chores



Just a year ago, she was a Miami housewife . . . today, she's the toast of the town and America's No. 1 pinup . . .

he plays with

Crouched in a coffin I steeled myself for the explosion—

Dynamite

➤ "Go blow yourself up" is a challenge most people find easy to ignore—but not daredevil photographer Bob Halmi. Intrigued by charges of "Fake" hurled at stunt man Jake Plumstead, who has been blowing himself up at state fairs all over the country, Halmi decided to test the trick himself. Accompanied by Jake and assorted cameras, Halmi learned first-hand how it's done.

After observing a trial run by Jake, Halmi crouched in the steel-girdered casket with automatic sequence cameras ready and the detonator in his hand. "The only trick," Jake said, "is to throw yourself headlong at the point of the explosion and force yourself into the vacuum left by the blast." Then he retreated a safe distance of 50 feet. Bob took a deep breath and pressed the plunger. Here's what happened. . . .

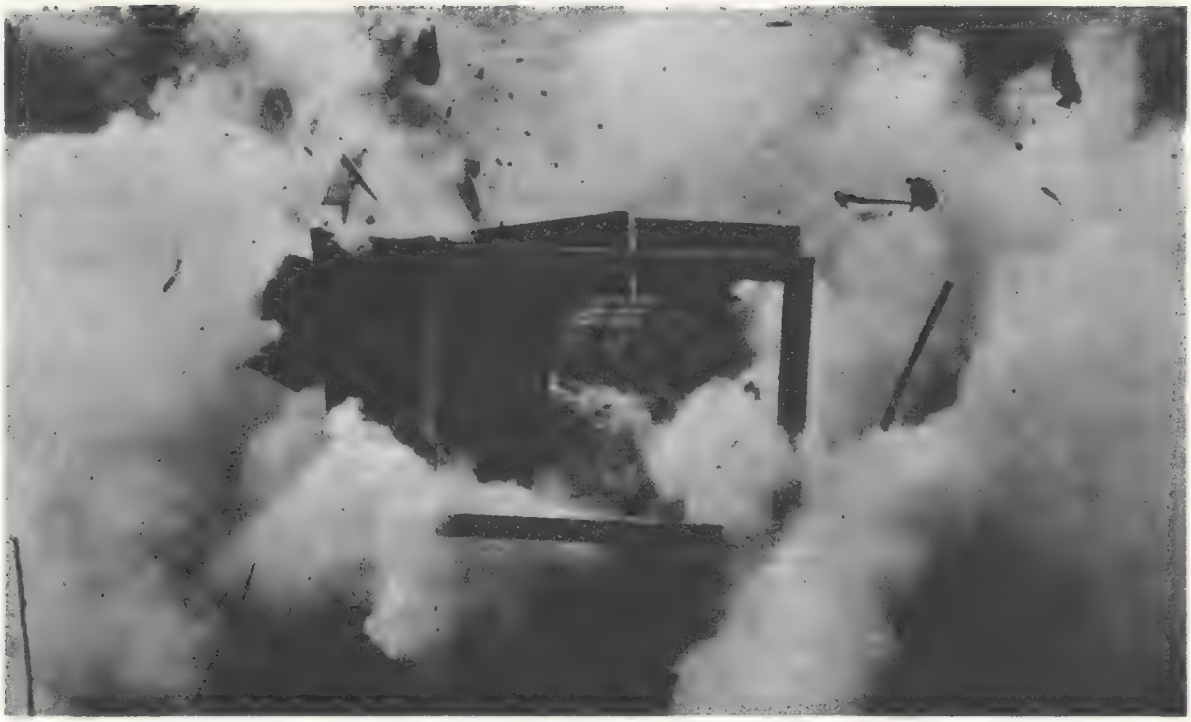
then I threw myself at the blast

MORE ▸

Operation blow-up

requires precision placement of dynamite and detonator . . .

MORE ▶

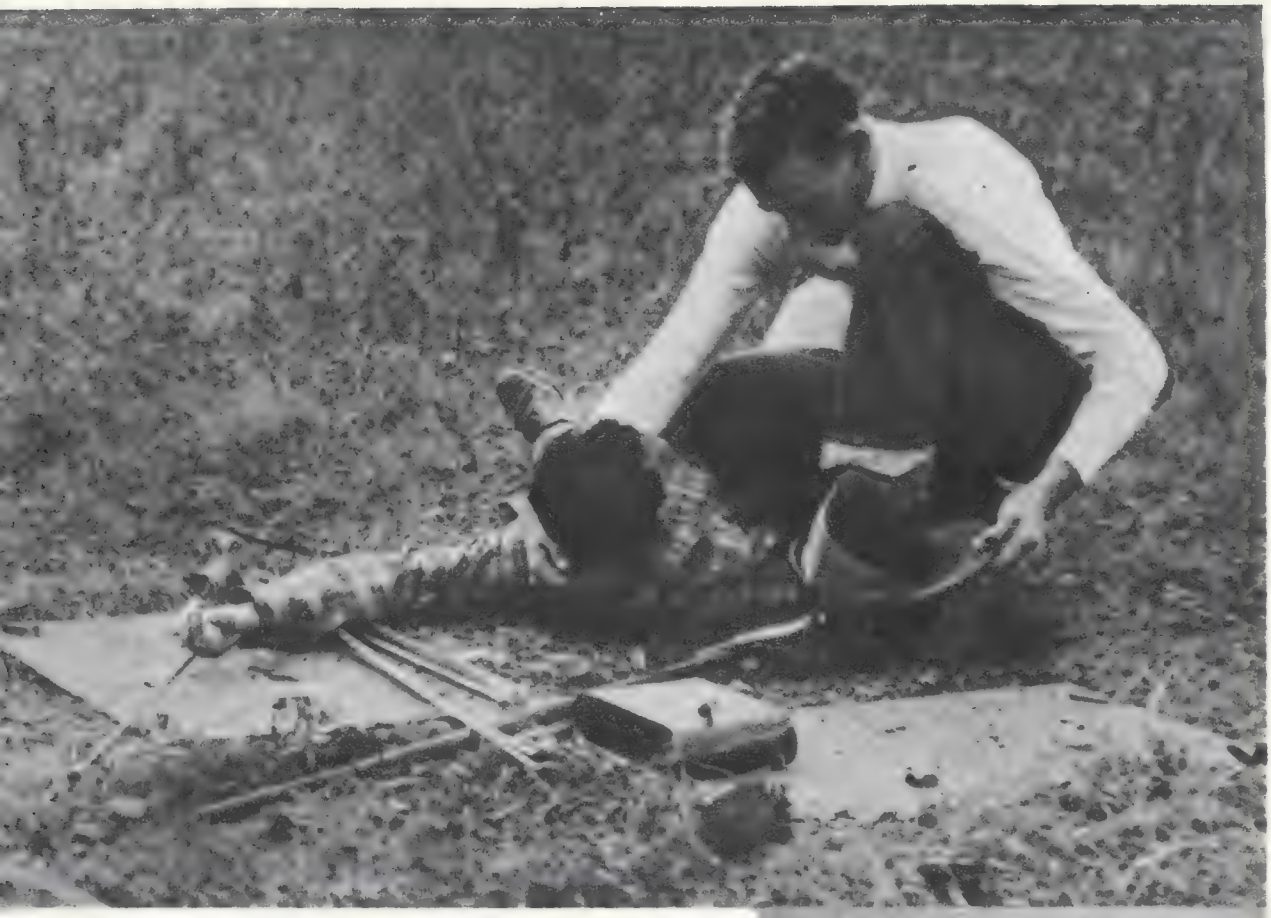


1. With a loud roar, eight sticks of dynamite exploded

3. dust and flying debris obscured the coffin—and when

2. six inches from Halmi's head . . . a great cloud of smoke,

4. it rose, he lay unconscious on the charred earth . . .



Stunned by the shattering blast, Halmi revives, picks up camera and walks away in one piece . . .

Best BET for Broadway

Jackie Hayes has her foot on a ladder straight to success

MORE ▶

A sultry southern star's rising

➤ The Rebels are raising a rumpus again. But this time it's about a dark-haired temptress named Jackie Hayes who hails from below the Mason-Dixon. The versatile Virginian plans to conquer Broadway, and her qualifications should make it an easy battle. A rare combination of beauty, dancing grace and dramatic talent, she captivates an audience the moment she steps into the spotlight. Her climb to stardom began in Florida, and talent scouts soon signed her up for New York's most elegant niteclubs. After stunning patrons at the *Latin Quarter* and *Copacabana,* Jackie set her sights on a Broadway show.

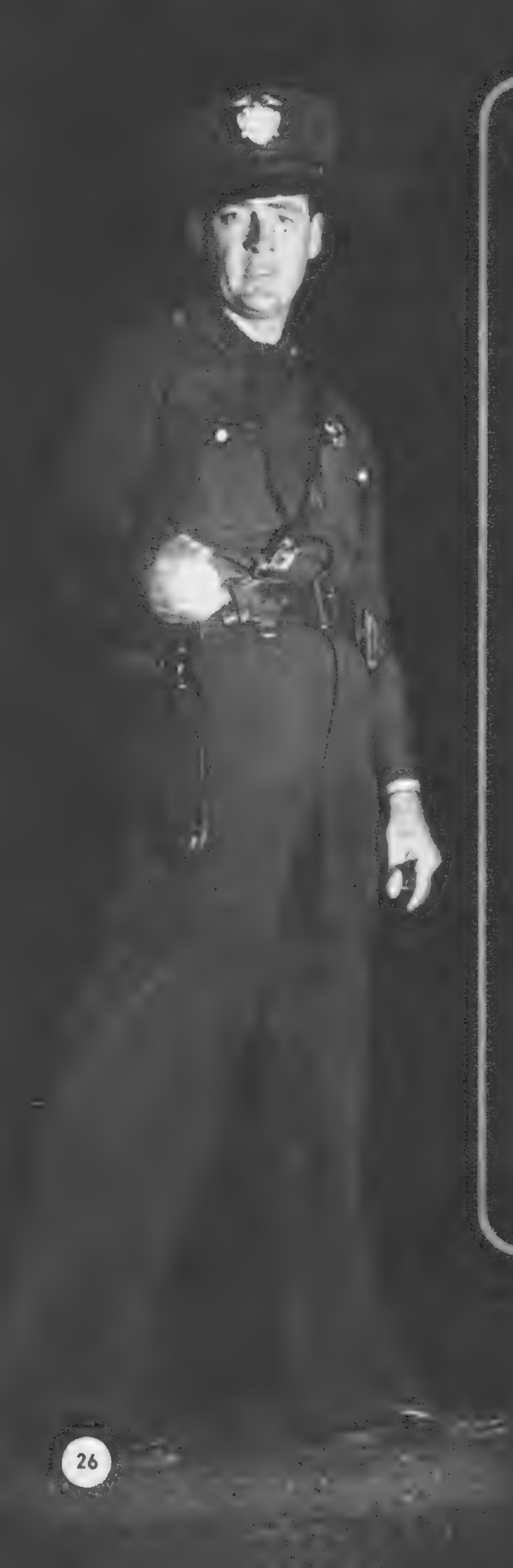
rapidly over the Broadway horizon . . .

MORE ▶

The beautiful Dixie belle breathes glamor even in repose . . .

MORE ▸

A director's dream girl, Jackie's bound to hit the Broadway jackpot . . .



They Ride By

➤ If you've got guts and a strong stomach, you're partially qualified for the job. Add shrewdness, strength to face impending tragedy every day, and dedication to duty and you've got a fair description of the men on Los Angeles' crack prowl car squads. They ride the shadowed streets, searching out crime and performing a thousand services that never make the headlines.

Mobile police stations relentlessly probe the

Prowl Night

Sudden violence and criminal vendettas often test them severely, but they must also cope with a daily deluge of humdrum events. Breaking up back alley brawls, handing out traffic tickets, investigating routine accident reports and aiding the sick and injured are all part of the job.

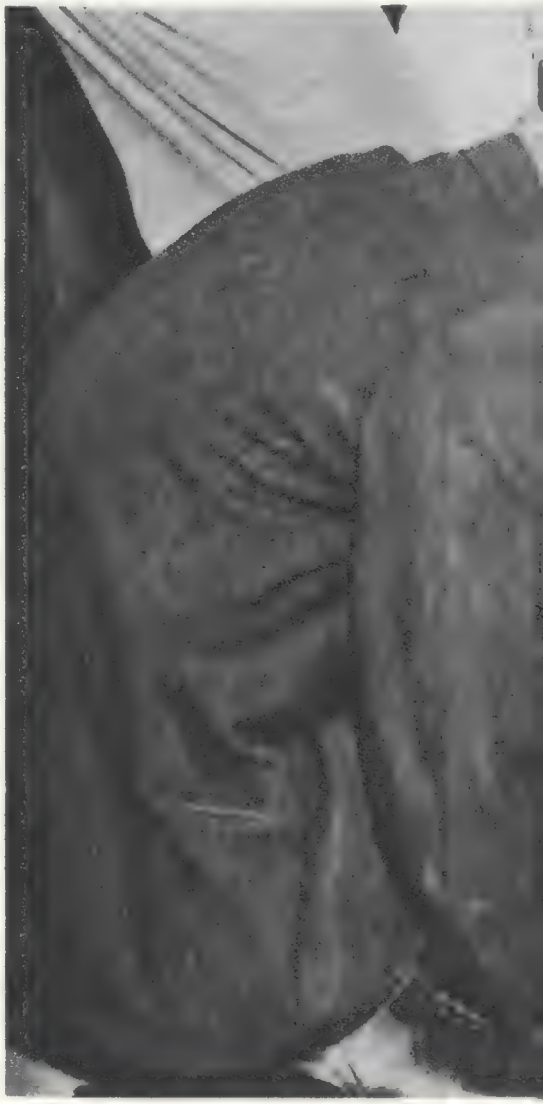
Danger and despair are constant companions, but every officer meets them with courage and compassion.

manned by LA's finest,

city's menacing shadows

Night duties start as the two-man teams take off on prowl-car rounds . . . A suspicious break (right) leads to capture of a surprised burglar

MORE ▶



The terse calls pour in—"Check broken hydrant, suspected drunk driver crackup . . . Investigate a disorderly house . . . Corner 6 and Main—girl killed in traffic . . ."

MORE ▶

THWARTED VET. Showgirl alerted police when despondent ex-GI gave her his savings and threatened a sensational death jump. As he was booked, she rushed in to restore money to him.

"Control traffic and save lives"—but hot rodders prefer death to detention

MORE ▶

Death lurks everywhere, but it's all in the line of duty . . .

End of a long, tough night, LA's prowl squadmen report in . . .

A PENNY from HEAVEN

STORY ON NEXT PAGE ▸

Beauty queen and sizzling songbird —Penny Duncan can call her own sultry tune. . . .

➤ Bright Penny Duncan took top honors in 1952's *Mrs. America* tourney—and changed her life. A devoted housewife and mother, she found herself pursuing two new careers. As a model, her face and figure decorate a thousand billboards and magazine covers. As a sensational song stylist, she's spending more time on TV than off. And now Hollywood is casting covetous eyes at her. A double for Rita Hayworth in looks and talent, she should go far.

Now a model in demand, last year's Mrs. America relaxes in

suburban splendor . . .

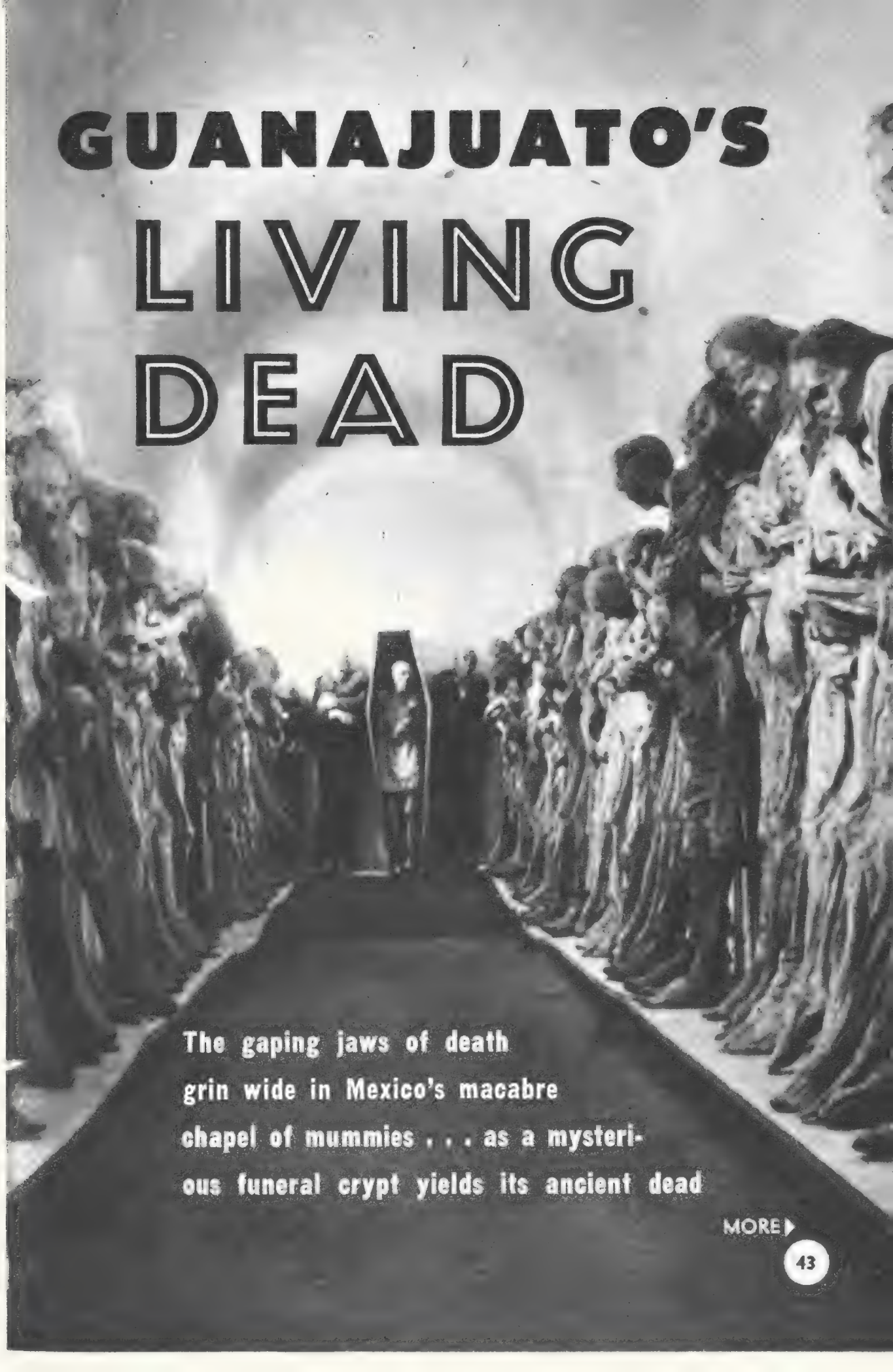
Wise Penny budgets time with family and hobbies to fit in

with practice, rehearsals, pose sessions and TV dates . . .

Hollywood is eyeing the blonde prize-winner, and glamor-laden Penny's more than a match for filmland's finest

Video viewers who loved her on the Gleason show were even more delighted with her spot on the recent Bob Hope color TV-cast.

GUANAJUATO'S LIVING DEAD



The gaping jaws of death grin wide in Mexico's macabre chapel of mummies . . . as a mysterious funeral crypt yields its ancient dead

MORE ▶

➤ The people of Guanajuato revere their dead. In the 19th century, a crypt was built to hold the mortal remains of every person in the town. But as the village grew it became evident that the crypt would have to be emptied periodically to make room for recent deaths. When the first corpses were dug up, the astonished exhumers didn't find the dust, ashes and bones which they expected. They found mummies! Through some strange phenomenon, the untreated bodies had mummified. To the people of Guanajuato, these "miracle" mummies deserved a better fate than reburial—so a catacomb was built. To attain a place in the catacomb, a person must die, be interred in the crypt for five years and have relatives to pay a seven-dollar exhumation fee. But in Guanajuato, there's no greater honor!

MOTHER AND CHILD (Caesarean deaths) face row of infants over fifty years old.

STRANGLED by jealous husband, woman with bulging eyes stares through eternity. Child (right) was exhumed in '45.

WOMAN BURIED ALIVE (right) and victim of a cataleptic fit stand side-by-side.

CURVED and
There's a lot to be said

COMFORTABLE

for the sling chair
—particularly one with
Bibi Osterman in it!

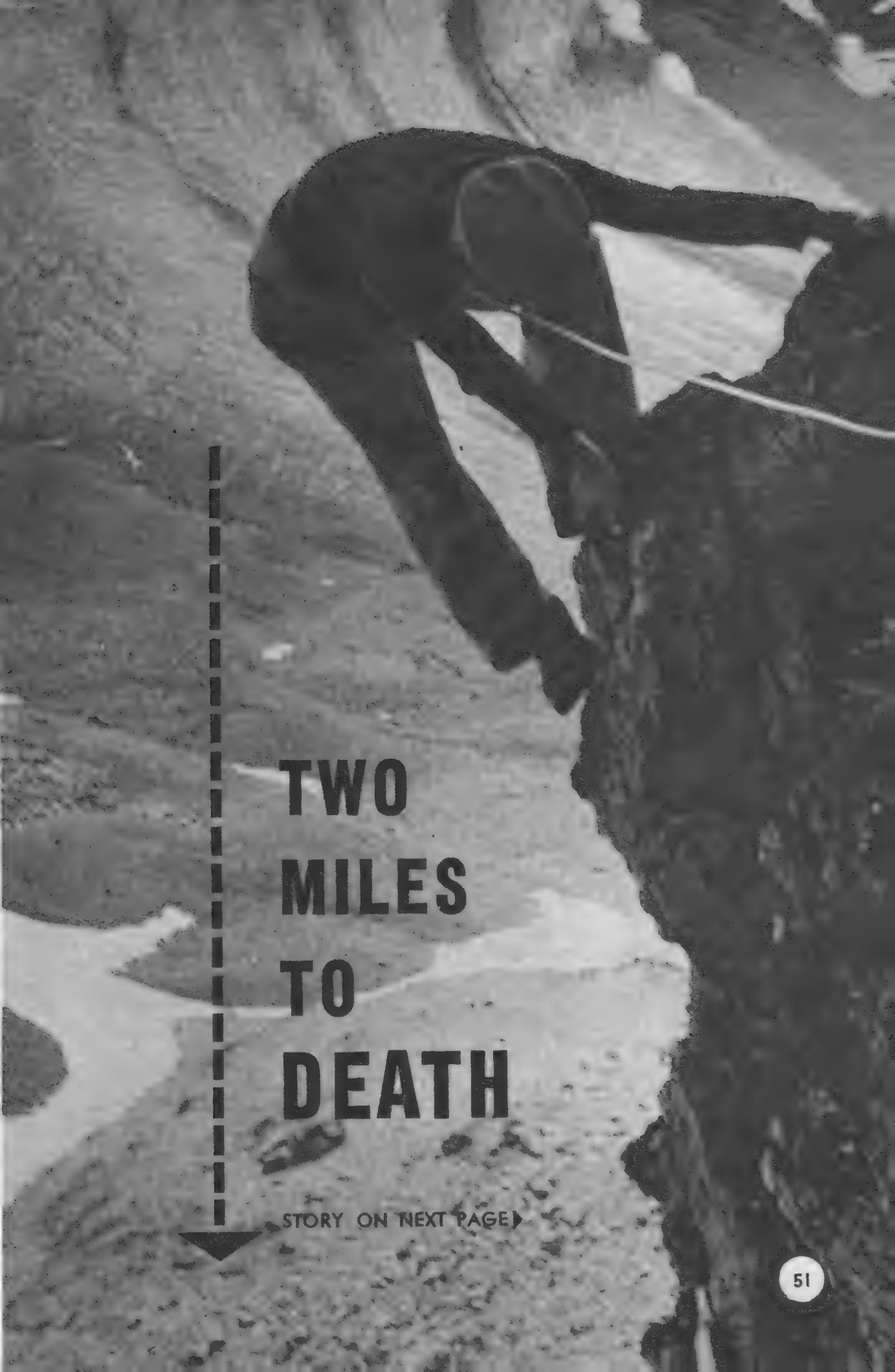
STORY STARTS
ON NEXT PAGE ▸

➤ Contour chair manufacturers can look for an upsurge in business. With Hollywood hopeful Bibi Osterman gracing their product, everyone is sure to want the latest word in seating comfort. One thing though—Bibi doesn't go with the purchase. She's too busy making screen tests and preparing for her TV debut. . . .

They say it's all

MORE ▶

Bibi's future looks bright with film and TV stardom in offing



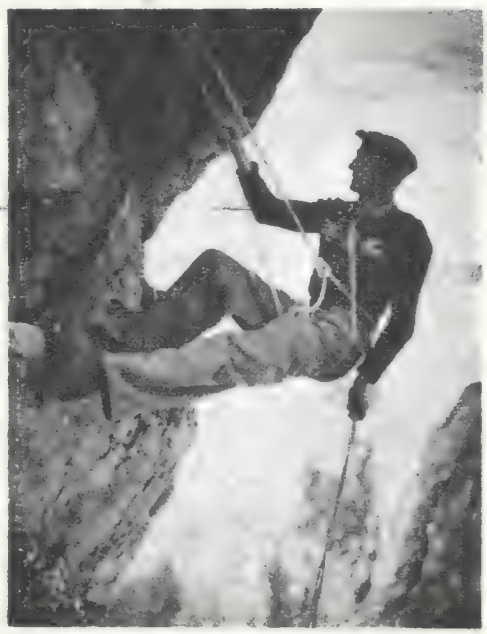
TWO MILES TO DEATH

STORY ON NEXT PAGE

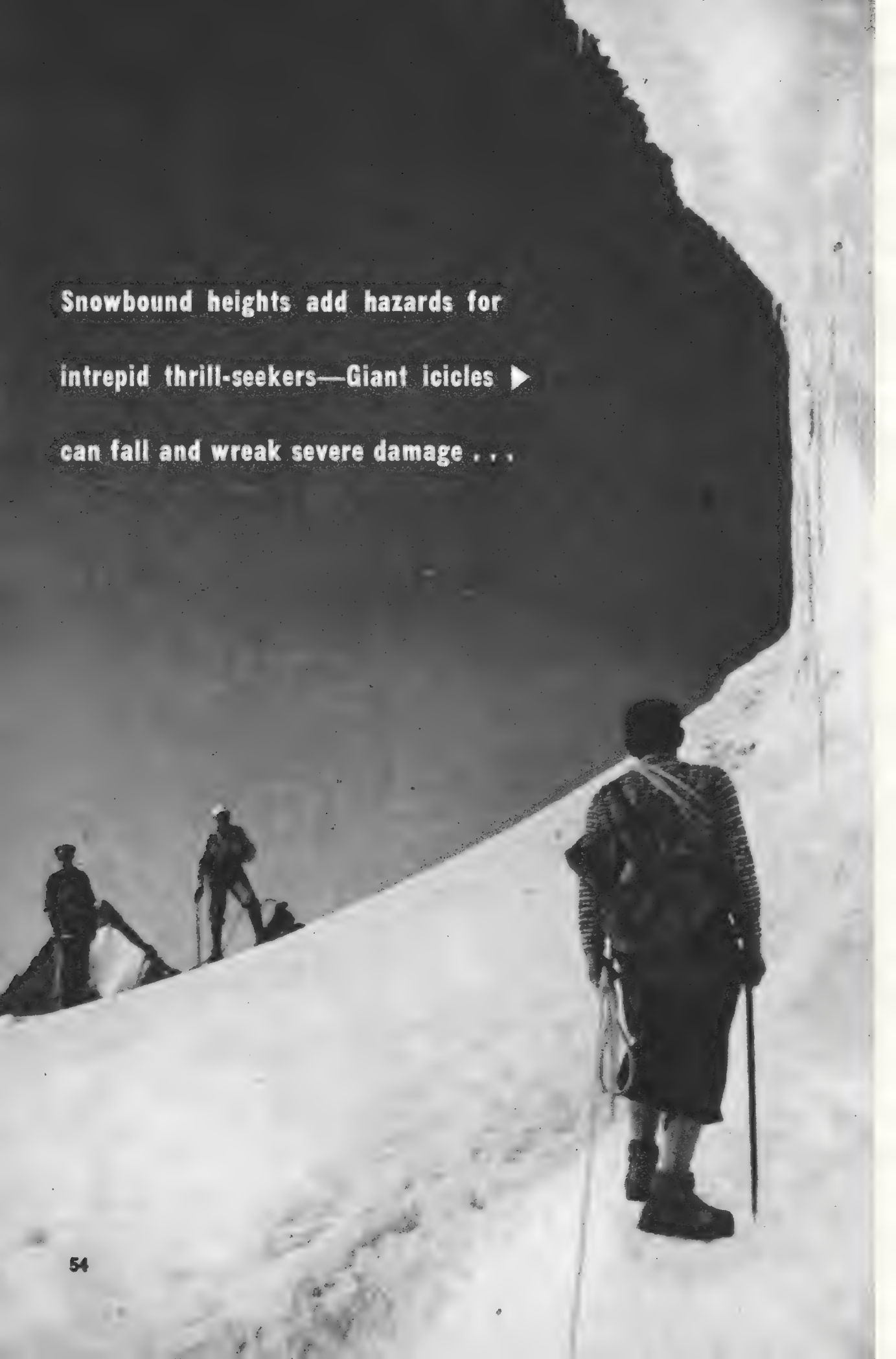
Climbing art takes strength, skill and—above all—balance . . . Knees must not touch rock surface

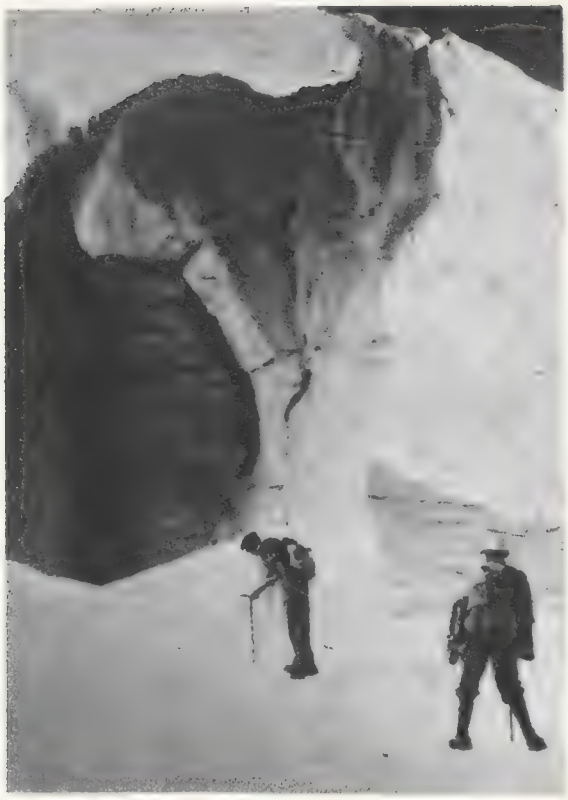
➤ There's no room for amateurs on an Alpine climb. One misstep can send the unwary sportsmen hurtling through space and into oblivion. The spirited party shown here set out to traverse the Great Teeth Range, a bristling series of treacherous pinnacles sprawled across the heart of the Swiss Alps. Led by two of the finest guides available, they made their precarious way up and down the range dubbed Red Needles by natives in the valleys below. Hoisting and lowering one another by rope belays and rapelles, inching across deceptive snow fields concealing yawning crevasses, and facing bitter elements miles above the firm earth, the party finally achieved its goal—the wind-swept heights of Pigne D'Arolla.

Danger lurks everywhere as climbers make a sure but cautious ascent . . .



COOL SKILL. Guide keeps legs straight and body well out in rope descent down pinnacle's face.


Snowbound heights add hazards for
intrepid thrill-seekers—Giant icicles ▶
can fall and wreak severe damage . . .



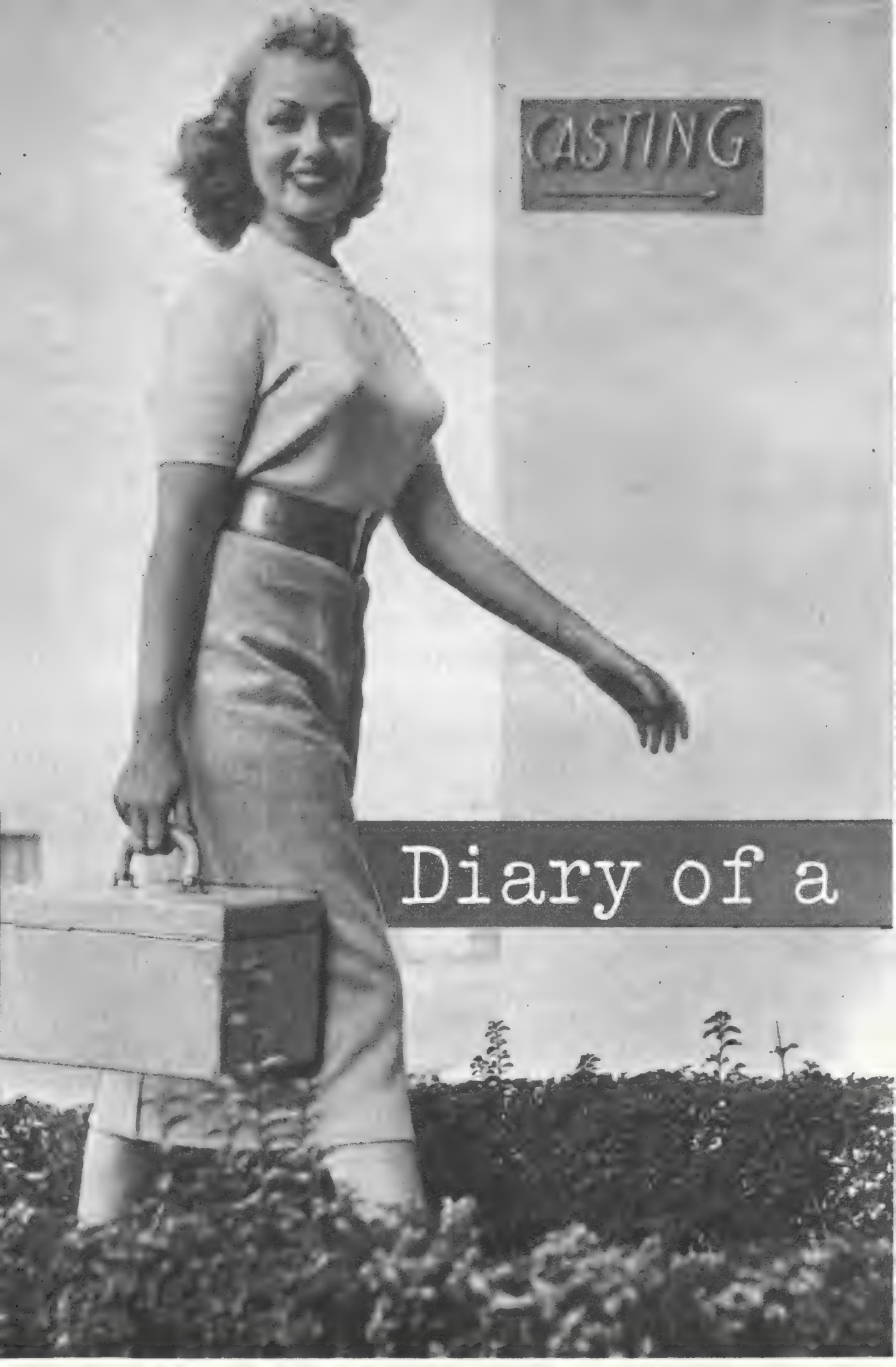
FRESH SNOW conceals dangerous crevasses. Party edges forward as lead guide probes.

INCHING UPWARD, guides scout ahead testing snow solidity. End of climb is in sight.

Despite intense cold, seasoned guides wear light clothing . . .

Man-killing Matterhorn looms behind as party reaches a crest

OBJECTIVE ATTAINED. Before making dangerous descent, climbers rest at summit.



Diary of a

Hollywood Hopeful

➤ The word is out in Hollywood—Sue Evans is going straight to the top. The bright blonde from Kansas has made her brief stay in the film capital count. She made the front pages as a West coast model, and producers soon spotted her remarkable similarity to perennial glamor-girl Betty Grable. Now, the campaign's really underway. Her dramatic and vocal talents have brightened TV screens, and niteclub audiences have roared their approval of Sue. Insiders predict a fine film future.

MORE ➤

Starter—Rise and rehearse song and dance routine

. . . then leave for a TV audition . . .

High Noon—Sue celebrates the job she won with

a sun-bath session on beach . . .

Twilight—Sue speeds in and out of shower then off for a guest stint with a niteclub band—But she's back home early in the morning

EYE STOPPERS

NO JAIL CAN

HOLD ME!

Famous last words? Most desperate convicts keep trying, but it takes more than sheer guts to make a prison getaway stick . . .

➤ Somewhere, a shattering alarm blasts the quiet of a penal institute. A convict, crazed with the desire for freedom outside the forbidding walls, is testing another "fool-proof" method to beat the ever-vigilant prison security. But most escapees don't stand a chance. The overwhelming odds against evasion should be enough to stop any break-out artist in his tracks, but few give up the ghost of escape. Like the trapped fugitive on the left (he was flushed from a Colorado snow bank), most inmates forget that their pursuers know every trick in the long, long book.

DOWN AND OUT. Thief used prison sheets in escape bid. He wound up in infirmary with broken back and arm.

MORE ▶

GANG BUST. Kids lead-piped guard, grabbed gun, fled jail—only to be caught.

Operation Escape goes on forever—and the stakes are staggering in the big bust-out game: bullets and blood!

SUSPECTED SLAYERS broke out, then hid in potato bin. Two-day hunt flushed them out.

SQUEEZE PLAYS. Discovery of escape tunnel foiled 10-man break. Youth (right) tried air vent exit—in vain. In Georgia, (below) 5 died in bust-out effort.

ABRUPT END to prison holiday came for these 3 fugitives from mental institution.

FROM ALCATRAZ, ex-con landed in New Jersey jail for breaking into church, after organizing 9-man break from N.Y. jail.

PIPE LINE into prison mill offered easy exit for 7 men in Draper Prison, Alabama.

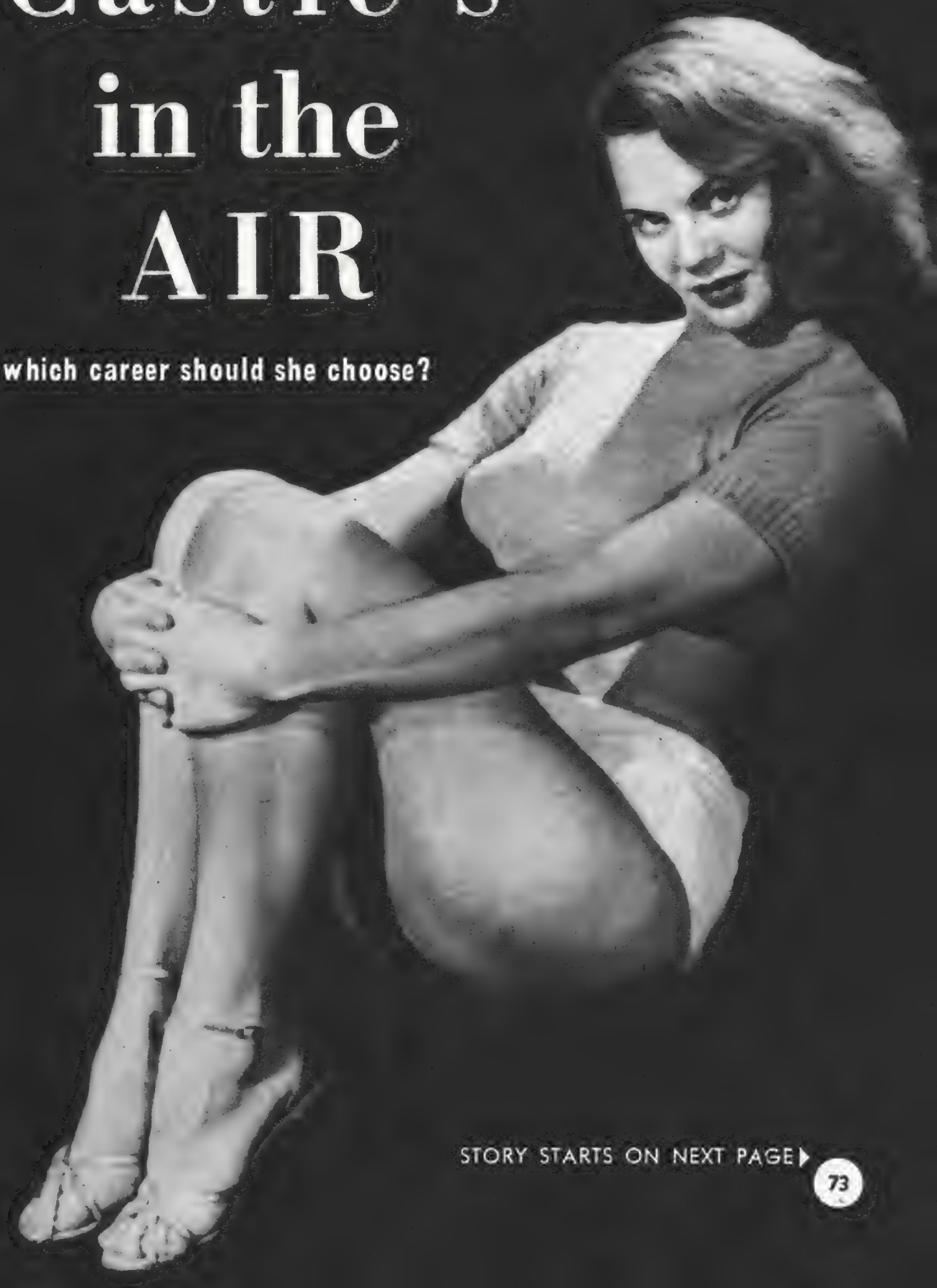
SING SING SAGA. Local police made short work of escape try; 2 down, 1 out. Joliet prisoner fled to water tower, unworried warden said, "Let him get down by himself!"

INTERSTATE HOP. California patrolman ran mile-a-minute chase pursuing Nevada fugitives. Booked 600 miles later, they were shipped back to Carson City.

Modeling, movies or TV—

Castle's in the AIR

which career should she choose?



STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ▸

Madeline manages to look good posing for pictures or emoting for film and TV cameras . . .

➤ Madeline Castle is faced with a most unusual problem. Most young ladies have to hound producers, but Madeline has to hide from them! Between movie moguls and modeling agents, she hasn't had a free moment since she hit Hollywood. Whether she decides in favor of films or photography, one thing's certain. Madeline's telephone will be ringing steadily.

Pirate or pin-up, she's perfect . . .

GEZA LOVES 'GATORS

STORY ON NEXT PAGE ▸

➤ A boy's best friend is his alligator. At least that's what Geza Szegedi thinks. Taking a cue from his aunt and uncle, who train wild animals professionally, Geza displayed an early preference for his strange playmates. He learned to ride a 'gator's back when children of his age were busy with bicycles. He carried them in his arms and wrestled with them without fear. Eventually circus audiences will thrill to Geza's spectacular performances with his prized pets.

DANGEROUS PETS are the rule around Geza's house. He poses with scaly friends while aunt (right) scratches lion's mane.

RISKING DEATH, Geza's uncle shows mastery over full-grown 'gator and lion (below).

The bone-crushing jaws and razor-sharp teeth of the alligator hold no terror for Geza . . . He has a magic touch!

SEX appeal FOR SALE

Star-making comes easily for Emmaline Snively—

busy founder of filmland's Blue Book of Beauty

➤ Emmaline Snively, founder and guiding light of Blue Book Models is never without her tape measure. She's groomed and sped more lovely young ladies to stardom than she can remember. The Blue Book, her annual publication, causes producers, fashion houses, and ad agencies to fall all over themselves obtaining copies. Small wonder—within its covers are found the likenesses of her entire eye-stopping clientele. Among her past prize winners — Mala Powers, Lili St. Cyr, and Norma Jean Dougherty (Emmaline started her—and you know her as Marilyn Monroe). Today's hopefuls are just as eager. Kay Lawrence (left), Dawn Oney (being measured), and lovely Lynn Crabtree (page 84) have fixed their eyes on the top, and Emmaline's out to see that they get there fast.

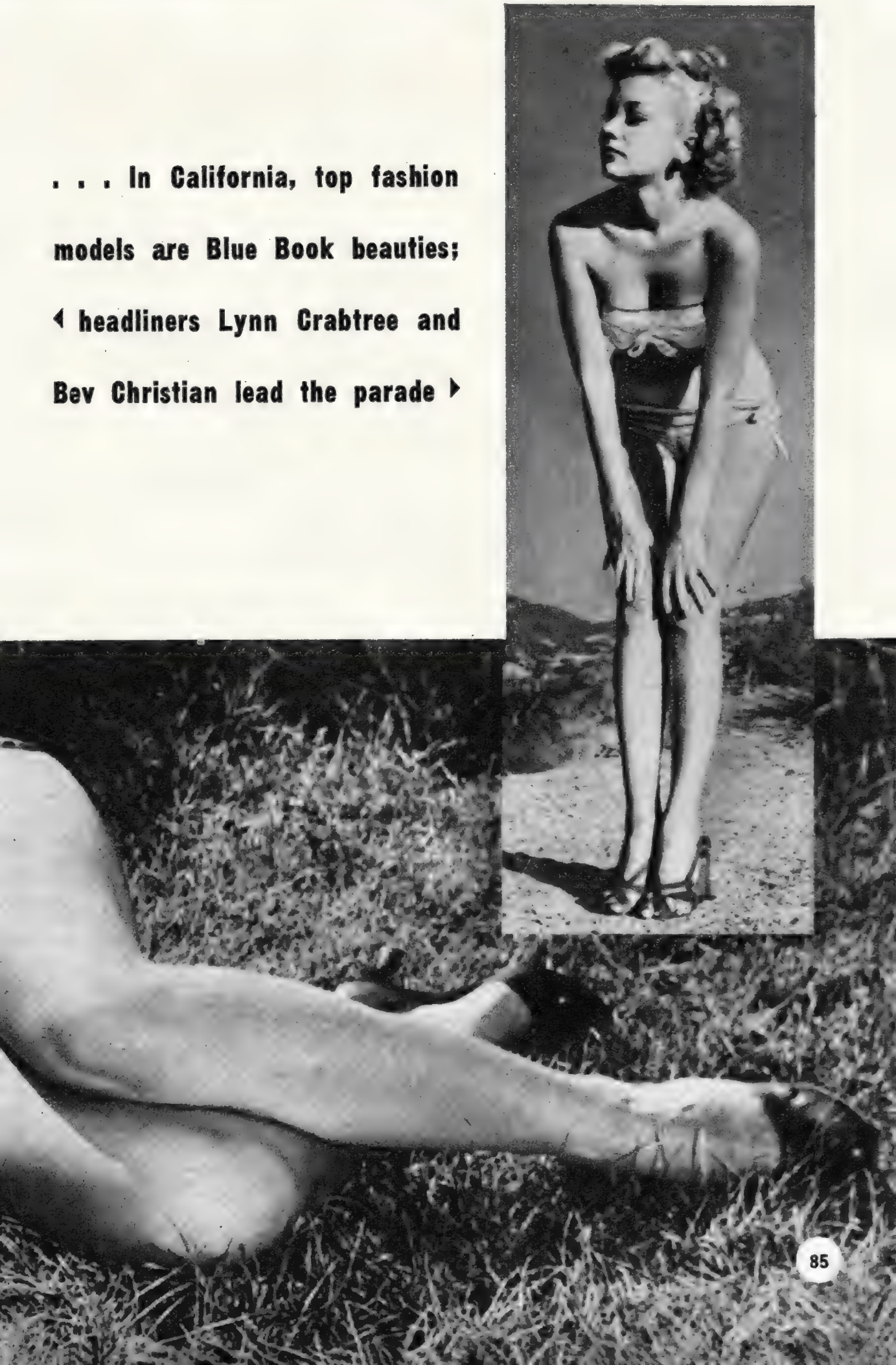
MORE ▸

PRETTILY PERCHED on desk, Lynn Crabtree and sister Blue Book models watch silent-film star Harold Lloyd and artist Earl Moran select photos for forthcoming calendar. Coach Myrna Olson (below) teaches new crop of lucky girls the secrets of model posture.

TRADITION. Alumna Marilyn Monroe won fame through calendar pose. Dawn Oney follows suit with own unique charm—and attire.

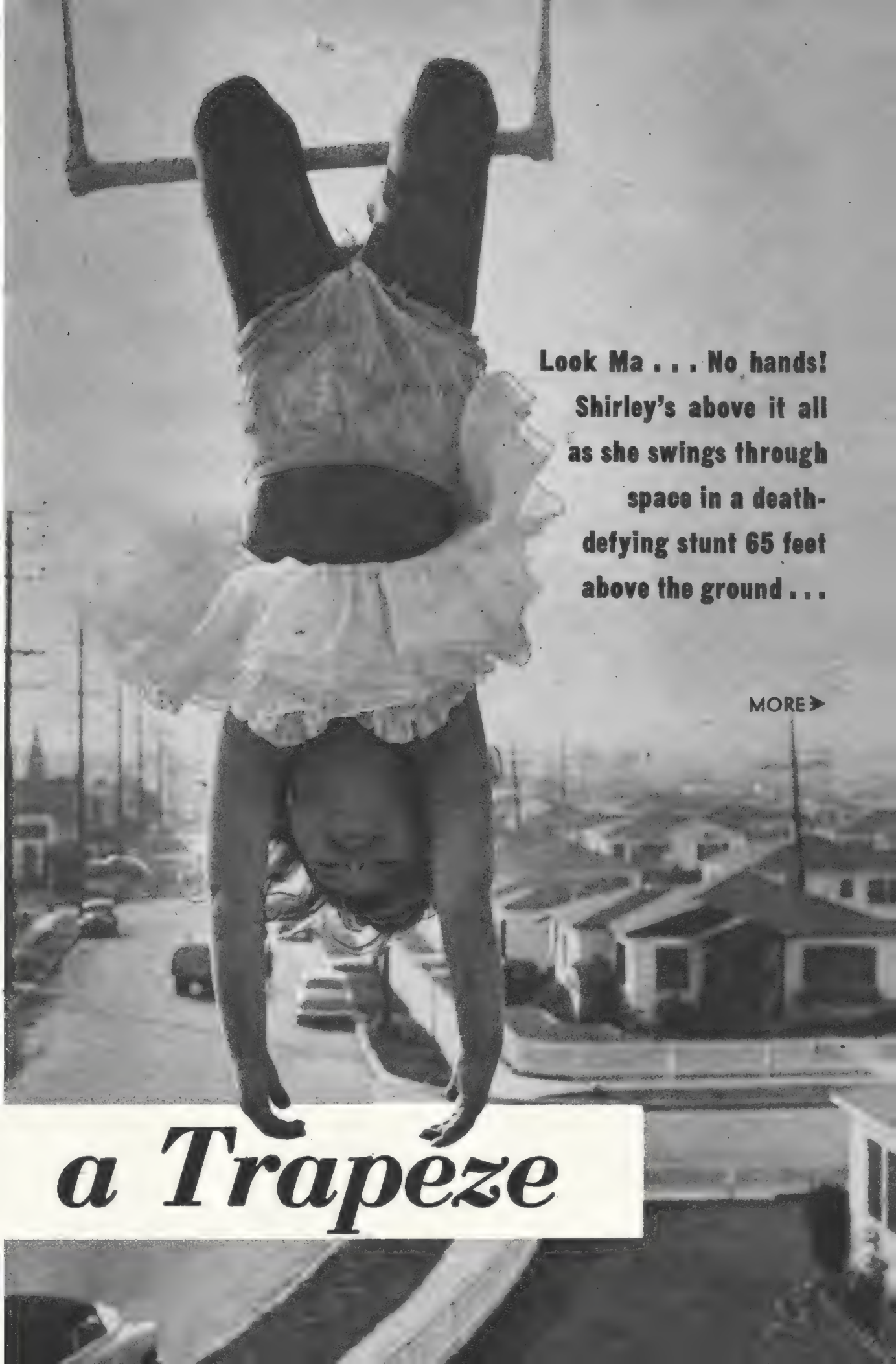
BLUE BOOK MODELS

. . . In California, top fashion models are Blue Book beauties; ◂ headliners Lynn Crabtree and Bev Christian lead the parade ▸



➤ The swing in Shirley Couch's back yard is 65 feet high. But the daring three-year-old was born to the high wire, and the tiny trapeze is her favorite playground. It's part of the practice rig her aerialist parents built for their promising daughter. As soon as she could walk, Shirley was taken aloft and accustomed to terrifying heights. That was only the beginning of a long and careful training program which someday will carry Shirley to fame under the Big Top.

Toddler on



Look Ma . . . No hands! Shirley's above it all as she swings through space in a death-defying stunt 65 feet above the ground . . .

MORE ➤

a Trapeze

Aerial adagio is dangerous, but Shirley's in safe hands when dad and mother teach her new routine

MILLY ▶

Europe's Gorgeous Grecos

JULIETTE

COSETTA ▶

Same name, but no relation . . . They're solid sisters in the continent's sexiest sorority

➤ Today, three glamor queens are sharing the continental spotlight. They also share the same name. Milly, Juliette, and Cosetta Greco aren't related and have yet to meet one another, but they're winning laurels for their incomparable talent and looks. Model Milly hit last summer's Venice Film Festival and became the chief topic of conversation. Paris niteclub owner and chanteuse, Juliette is already a Left Bank tradition. Dramatic film star Cosetta took Italian filmgoers by storm in *Voice of Silence*. It's an unbeatable trio no matter how you look at it.

Milly

Juliette

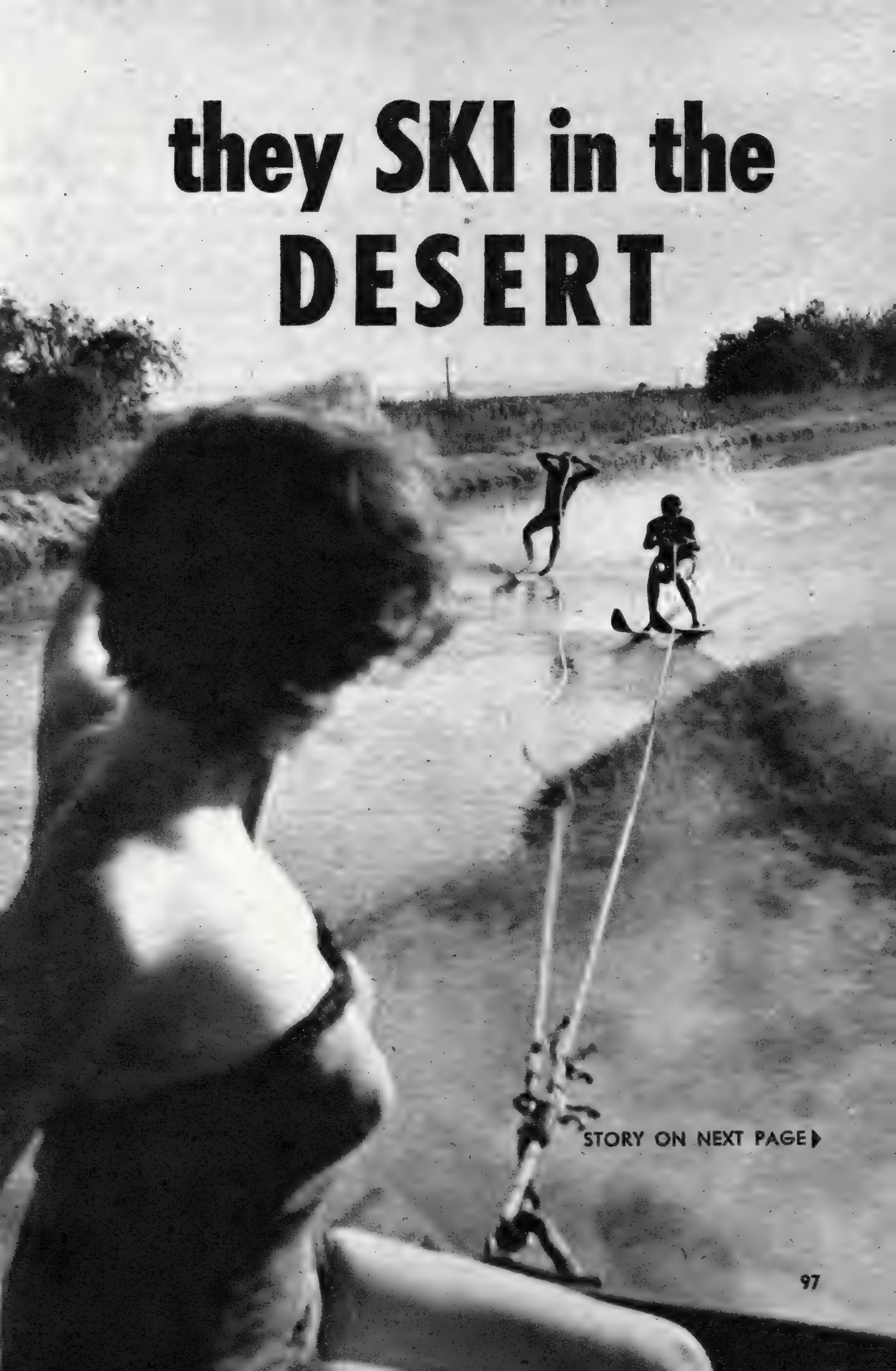
◀ **Italy's bikini bombshell set a film fête afire—but never made a movie . . . When Montmarte's torrid temptress slides into a song, panicked Parisians run amuck** ▶

Cosetta **sparks Roman riots as she alternately**

sizzles and suffers from one star film role to another . . .

Cosetta **does her share toward glorifying the Grecos**

they SKI in the DESERT



STORY ON NEXT PAGE ▶

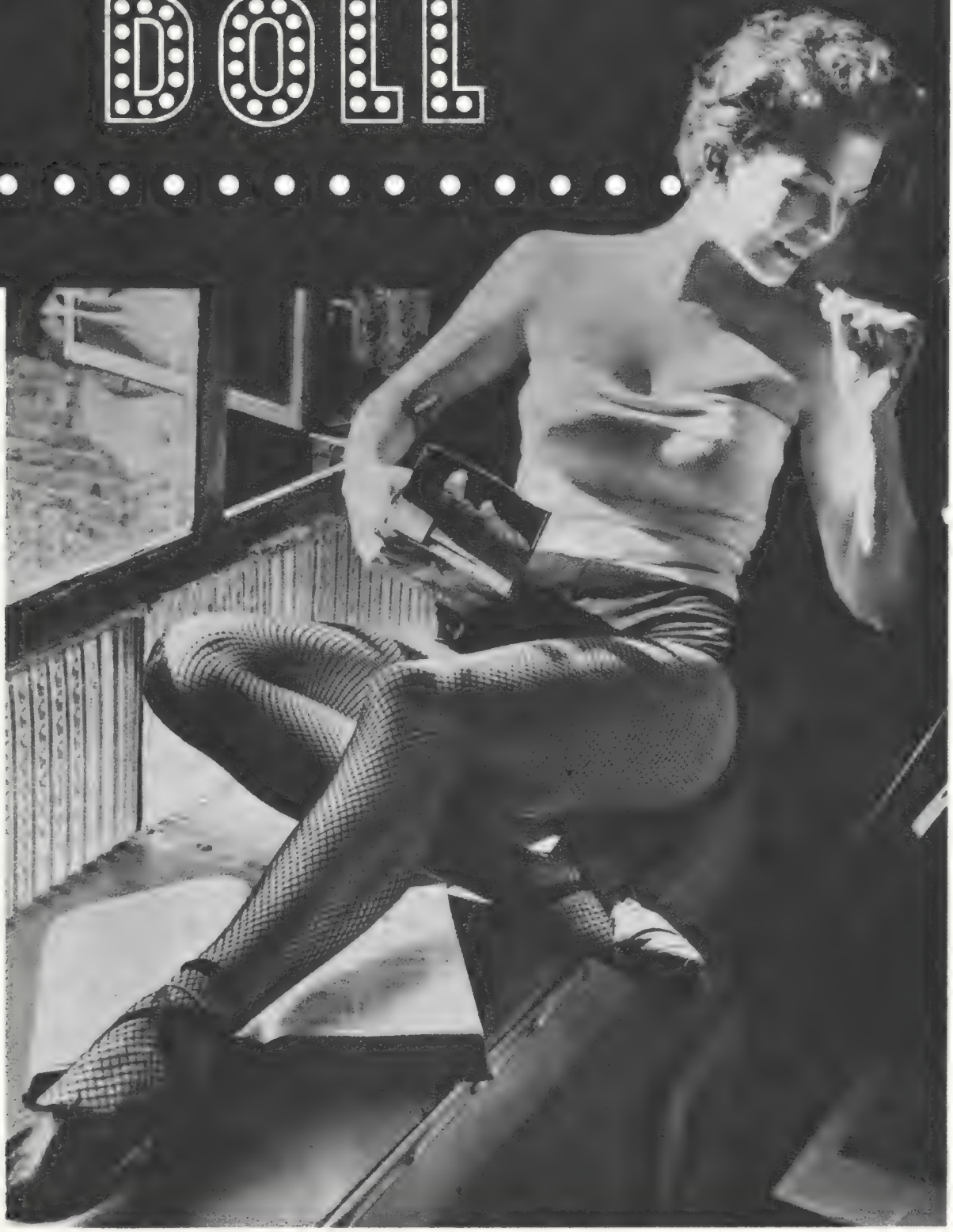
➤ Most desert-dwellers bid a fond farewell to winter sports when they take up residence in the southwest. But these die-hards found a way to enjoy their favorite sport, even when the mercury hits 100°! Helene Gilliland, Miss Phoenix of 1953, and her three companions, Bill McLemore, Noel Hopper and Bill Hickman, hit on the idea of water skiing. All it takes is water skis, a pick-up truck and a handy irrigation ditch. One person takes the wheel of the truck while the other two speed down the waterway at 50 miles per hour. No frost-bite—and everyone has barrels of fun!

No snow-capped mountains for these ski enthusiasts—they ski

in a desert irrigation ditch!

DUTIFULLY driving pick-up truck has its reward—Helene gets a chance on skis. Water skiers attain speed of fifty m.p.h.

DAZZLING DOLL



➤ Most movie directors can spot a natural. But the one who skipped by stunning ex-model Lynn Bernay must have been blind. Lynn trekked out to the California Gold Coast three years ago with only $84 and a hope chest crammed with ambition and ability. After a few bit parts and only promises for the future, she began to get restless. The blinking lights of Broadway spelled out an offer of success and Lynn was ready for it. She stepped right off the train into a featured performance in *Guys and Dolls.* From now on, she can write her own ticket . . . even one which will take her right back to Hollywood.

MORE ➤

DAZZLING DOLL

Painting is a favorite pastime during leisure hours at home . . .

Lynn lends an artist's touch to modeling—with wonderful results

MORE ➤

With her sights set on stardom, the beautiful ballerina

practices daily to perfect her stage technique . . .

DAZZLING DOLL

A girl of many moods, Lynn likes to relax with a book after a hectic day on the Great White Way

THE BULLS BATTLE FOR BLOOD

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ▸

➤ The migratory elephant seal is the largest mammal in the Antarctic. Early in July these huge denizens of the deep come to Macquarie Island and prepare nesting and breeding grounds for their better-halves who arrive in August. Soon after, the seal pups are born and start their precarious fight for life. Once the weaning is over, the breeding starts and the island becomes a battleground upon which the bulls fight fiercely to keep their herds.

ELEPHANT SEAL gets name from nasal similarity to the jungle beast.

Snorting a defiant challenge, this bull elephant seal opens

MATING CALL echoes over island as bull challenges his rival for cow (foreground).

BATTLE OF BULLS is a violent clash culminating in resounding blow by victor (left).

the mating season in the Macquarie Island of Antarctica . . .

GIANT BULL (3 tons) cuddles proud cow after fighting valiantly to prove his worth.

MORE ▶

EXHAUSTED SUITORS pant wearily on sand. Herds have 50-1000 cows; 3 or 4 bulls.

Months afterwards, the seals return to Macquarie to bear

PUP SEALS are often crushed by warring bulls; others succumb to birds of prey.

STARVING STRAYS huddle around foster mother after abandonment by parents.

their young . . . and the ancient cycle comes to completion . . .

WIDE-EYED SEAL, weaned and ready to join herd, lies comfortably on kelp.

ICY-

but INCENDIARY

Irish McCalla's glorious good looks come shimmering through in a fascinating new medium . . .

➤ Famed glamor queen Irish McCalla couldn't resist. Los Angeles ice sculptor Tom Sherbloom offered to do her statue, and a delighted Irish jumped at the chance. Sherbloom, who has a monopoly on ice carving for every major banquet-event in the city, was as eager as his model. When the two got together, the chips fairly flew.

Working swiftly in the southern California sun, Sherbloom molded the block into a perfect likeness of the lovely young lady. Irish, spellbound with the artistic proceedings, held her pose like a trouper. Within an hour, the statue was finished, admired, and then the inevitable melting process began.

All in all, it was a wonderful afternoon—especially for EYE's awed photographer.

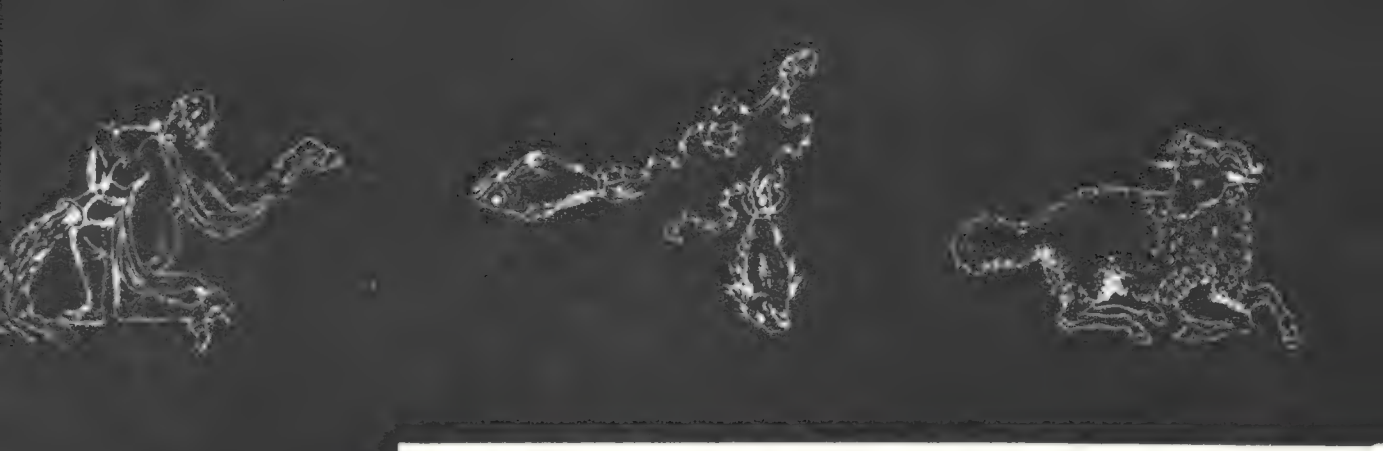
MORE ▸

NOTHING TO IT, says artist Sherbloom as doubtful Irish arrives for session. "Just hold that pose!"

MINUTES LATER, the ice block begins to take shape while Irish soaks up the sun.

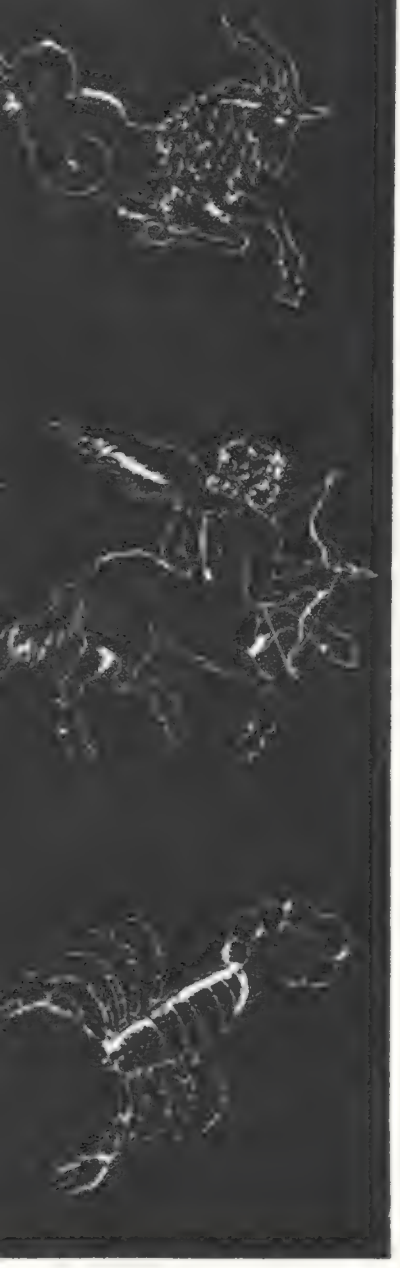
MORE ▶

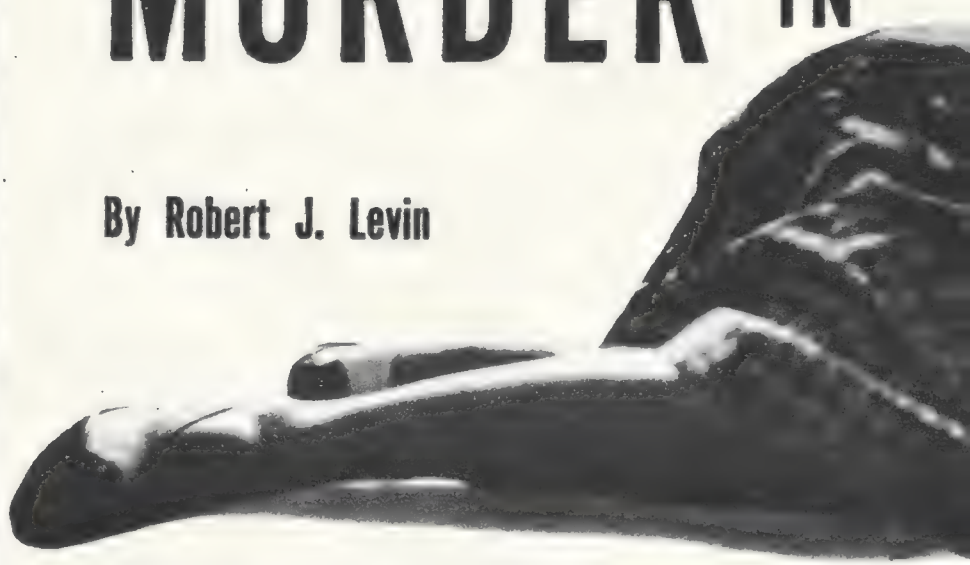
Sculptor Sherbloom can't waste time—his medium is likely to melt away . . .



He Saw MURDER IN

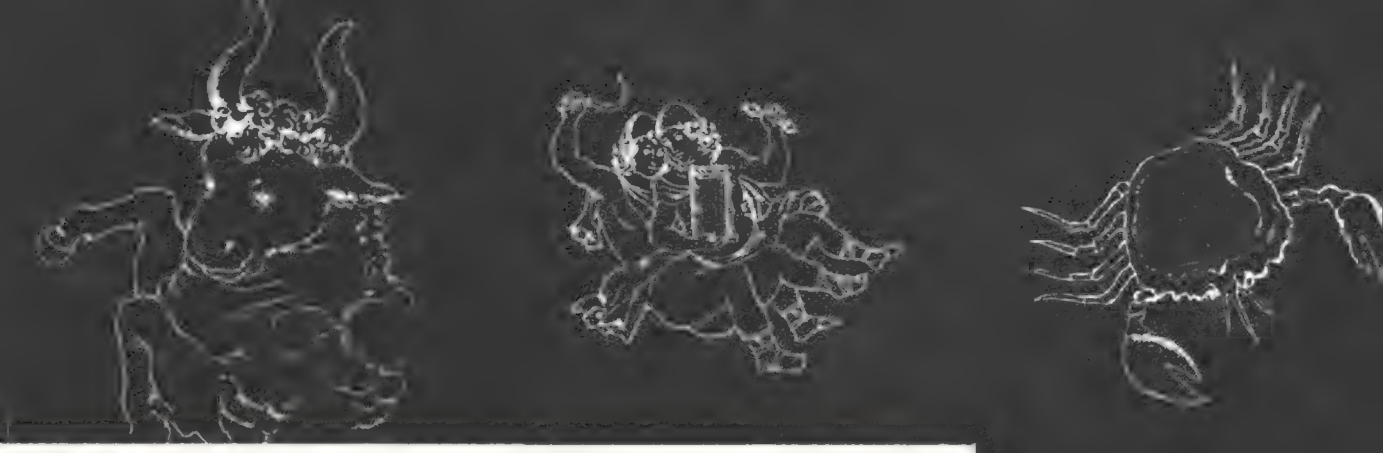
By Robert J. Levin





➤ Murders, like highballs, are only as good as the stuff that goes into them. Cheap whiskey, cheap highball. Cheap emotion, cheap murder. No homicide is worth much if it doesn't involve at least a couple of the passions that rule all men: greed, hatred, jealousy, revenge, and that familiar stand-by, sex. In the history of homicide, however, there is

Weird, occult delusions fashioned a blood-drenched horoscope,



THE STARS

the occasional killing which adds to these basic emotions a refined, though perverted, intelligence. This produces the superior tragedy.

Such was the slaying of Ebba Covell. Her death was conceived and engineered in a power-crazed mind of astonishing complexity: imaginative as a poet, logical as a scientist, domineering as a dictator—and mer-

enslaved an innocent boy, and fired a power-mad slaughter

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ▶

ciless as a hangman. For the final blow in this tragedy of twisted personality, there is the fact that Ebba Covell died through her executioner's love and loyalty.

Mysterious Family

The town was Bandon, Oregon, and the year, 1928. There was no warning. The Covell family lived on Graystone road, five miles west of the center of town. Little was known of them. This is a striking fact because at the time of the crime the community's population numbered barely 1500, and people had little to talk about except each other. If they talked about the Covells, it was guesswork.

In part this was because the Covells were clannish and close-mouthed. Ebba, who had only married into the family, was the one who most liked to talk, and she rarely got the chance. Whenever she left the farmhouse, husband Fred Covell was at her side, and he did all the talking, which wasn't much. This unfriendliness seriously limited Covell's chiropractic services and added to the virtual isolation of the family. Presumably, this satisfied everyone but Ebba.

DEATH AGONY was Ebba's only reward in a madman's evil plan.

She was Covell's second wife and had apparently been taken in matrimony because Covell felt his two children needed a woman around. This was a cheap way of arranging matters. The two were married on May 22, 1922. The seventh anniversary of that date was to be marked, with irony, by an appropriate event—the hanging of Ebba Covell's murderer.

One other important date is September 5, 1928. That was when Ebba was slain.

At the time, Fred Covell was in his Bandon office. His 15-year-old son, Alton, phoned to say he "thought" his stepmother was dead. Within half an hour, Covell arrived and verified the fact. He found his wife's body sprawled on the kitchen floor. He felt for her pulse and listened for a heartbeat. Obtaining neither, he assumed her to be dead. He did not call a doctor.

There were many people, later on, who insisted that this alone indicated that Covell was implicated in his wife's death. Yet it should be kept in mind that the Covells were fiercely independent and felt that a death in the family was nobody's business but their own. Finally, chiropractor Covell considered himself a medical man and the equal of any doctor around.

The following day, however, he made two calls. One was to the undertaker, requesting that someone prepare his wife's body for burial. The other call was to his

wife's father, Otto Wiren, lighthouse tender at Winchester Bay. He notified Wiren of his daughter's death and said she would be buried the following day. He neglected to explain what Ebba had died from, which is understandable since he himself did not know.

But Wiren wanted to know. He promptly got in touch with the Bandon authorities. Deputy Sheriff Malehorn visited the Covell farmhouse late that afternoon. He told Fred Covell that, since the cause of death was unknown, the burial would have to be postponed until after a coroner's jury inquest.

Weird Replies

Malehorn questioned Fred Covell but received curt, uninformative replies. He also questioned 15-year-old Alton, but without success. The talk with Alton disturbed Malehorn. It wasn't as though the boy didn't want to talk; it was as though he didn't know how, as though every word that passed his lips had to be dredged up from his memory with great effort.

Alton's sister, Lucille, was a different problem. The girl was 14, and though she talked willingly enough, it was a childish kind of chatter, filled with inconsequential details. There was, for example, the matter of the washed clothes. Somehow Lucille mentioned that she had washed all the family's soiled clothing on the afternoon of the death.

"Including the things your stepmother wore when she died?" asked Malehorn.

"Ebba's stuff, too."

"But why? She was dead and wouldn't need them."

"Oh," said Lucille, "they was dirty."

The one remaining member of the family whom Malehorn had to see was Fred Covell's younger brother, Arthur. Arthur was a cripple and lived out his life in an upstairs bedroom. He couldn't move from there unless he was carried. His legs had been crushed in an auto accident.

Malehorn found him propped up in bed; black hair neatly combed, moustache and beard trimmed. On the night table was a book *The Future of Astrology*. When the deputy sheriff found that Arthur Covell could tell him little about the circumstances surrounding Ebba's death, he turned the conversation to the subject of astrology.

To the cripple, astrology was *Truth*. He had become interested in it while in the hospital, recovering from the accident, and had

SPELLBOUND Alton maintained trance-like calm in face of murder.

adopted it as a religion. In time he grew to be one of its high priests —for a fee. He plotted the course of the stars and forecast things to come for those who consulted him. Among his clients were famous Hollywood celebrities.

"Tell me," Malehorn asked, "could you have predicted your sister-in-law's death?"

Verdict: Murder

"Of course," said Arthur Covell.

The following day a coroner's jury met in Bandon and decided that Ebba Covell had been murdered. Two Bandon physicians completed an autopsy and agreed with the coroner's jury that it was murder and the cause of death was a broken neck. Fred Covell was promptly clapped into jail. He, after all, was a chiropractor—and chiropractors have strong hands.

Covell's attorney, Charles F. McKnight, snorted at the whole procedure and stated that the charge wouldn't be sustained in court. Someone else believed this. His name was Ben Fisher, and he was the county prosecutor. Accordingly he got in touch with Luke May, a brilliant criminologist, and asked him in for consultation.

May was an investigator who accepted nothing as fact until he confirmed it himself. He therefore had Ebba Covell's body taken from the four-day-old grave, and Dr. E. J. Mingus, a Marshfield medical examiner, performed an autopsy.

Dr. Mingus found no evidence of a broken neck. Cause of death, he asserted, was suffocation. A caustic alkali, held to the victim's mouth, had done the job. Visible evidence supported this—around Ebba Covell's mouth was an unmistakable burn mark, where the alkali had damaged the skin. Dr. Mingus believed a rag, saturated with ammonia, was used to murder the woman.

Then Luke May and Deputy Sheriff Malehorn teamed up for further investigation. They ruled out the possibility of the slayer being an outsider, since there wasn't a shred of evidence in that direction. That left the family. Of the four, Fred Covell appeared to have the only motive—a dispute with his wife. But that was thin and unconvincing.

As for the others, not only were motives missing but the physical act of murder seemed beyond them. Arthur, who couldn't stand on his own legs, could never have done it. Alton was strong enough, but no-

SAINT OR SINNER? Arthur's crippled legs freed him of any suspicion—until. . . .

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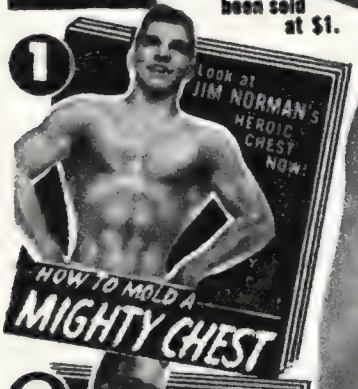

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Uncle Arthur's astrological "configurations" destined him for great things—but he overlooked a tiny error of 14 minutes . . .

body could credit the boy with enough intelligence to choose ammonia as his weapon. Lucille couldn't be taken seriously.

By then, none of the four Covells were under the same roof. Juvenile Officer A. T. Morrison had taken Lucille to live with his family. The Bandon jail was Alton's temporary home, for he was being held as a material witness in the original charge against Fred Covell. The chiropractor himself was lodged in the county prison at Coquille. And Arthur was sent to the County Home because there was no one on the farm to take care of him.

Blind Alley

May went to see all four. The brothers proved difficult to talk to. Fred refused to say a word more than "See my lawyer." Arthur was more reasonable, but he was glib enough to say a lot that really meant nothing.

As the last straw, May, together with Malehorn, went back to the Covell farmhouse and searched the place from cellar to attic. In the cripple's room, Malehorn noticed the same book still lying on the night table. Curious, he picked it up, and in riffling through the pages, he spotted a slip of paper. On it was the message: "Made mistake about con. Should have been 11:14:14." Only later was the grim meaning of the message to be bared.

Up in the attic, the investigators spent hours digging into junk that had apparently accumulated since the Civil War. One trunk bore the initials A.C. and was crammed with material on astrology, correspondence between the cripple and other astrologers, and pages of hastily scrawled hieroglyphics. May lugged off as much as he could.

That night he mulled over the scribbled notes. At first glance they made no sense at all, resembling algebra equations with logic. Slowly, however, the criminologist found enough repeat symbols and numbers to make him think that the astrologer might have invented a code, and May determined to crack it.

He started Thursday night, September 13. He completed the job Saturday morning. When he was finished, he found it hard to convince himself that what he had deciphered was anything more than a morbid cripple's fantasy. But the truth was clear—Ebba Covell was dead—precisely as Arthur had planned!

She was the first victim. Her crippled brother-in-law intended to run the total to 29. The murder list was specific; opposite each number was the name of the victim-to-be and the method to be used. A prominent citizen named Sidwell was to fall down a flight of stairs and crush his skull. Mrs. Elizabeth Norris, a wealthy spinster was to be poisoned. "Ought to get 5000 from Corson for wi. & Peg" meant that the cripple planned to kidnap the wife and daughter of Banker Roy B. Corson and hold them for ransom!

Now! The Amazing Facts about

BALDNESS

...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT

The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or *alopecia,* as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. ***DRY SEBORRHEA:*** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itchiness. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.

2. ***OILY SEBORRHEA:*** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.

DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES
Caused By Seborrhea

A — Dead hairs; B — Hair-destroying bacteria; C — Hypertrophied sebaceous glands; D — Atrophic follicles.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and acnes bacillus.

These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better." —Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used."—E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea." —J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula."—M.M., Johnstown, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application."—J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house."—R.W., Lonsdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate."—L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair." —T.J., Las Cruces, New Mexico

"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itchiness."—R.B.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years. It has improved so much." —Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

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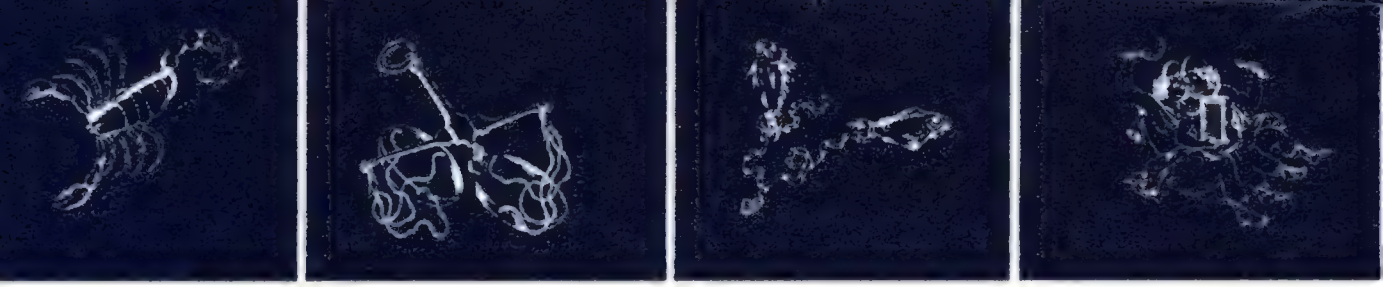

May conferred with Prosecutor Fisher. Both realized their case was weak. A jury might only too easily throw out such evidence as the product of an insane mind. And the crucial question remained: How could a helpless cripple kill Ebba Covell?

The answer was—he hadn't. Someone else had. But the only possible person seemed to be Alton, and he had no motive. Neither, it seemed, had Arthur Covell.

—To Catch a Killer

These riddles could only be solved by Arthur or Alton, and of the two, the boy seemed more likely to talk. May concentrated on him and resorted to a ruse. He arranged with the editor of a local paper to have an edition set up with a special lead story under a banner headline: *Cripple Confesses Killing!*

May visited the boy in his cell and showed him the paper. Alton nodded politely but didn't say a word.

"Doesn't it interest you?" asked May. "Your uncle has involved you in it."

"Did he say I helped?" asked Alton.

"Yes."

Alton shrugged. "Then I helped. If Uncle Arthur says so, that's all there is to it."

That was the pattern the conversation followed for an infuriatingly long time. May got him to admit everything—but never of his own accord. Alton would only parrot details that May theoretically had gotten from the cripple. Such admissions were worthless because Alton himself was not stating the facts. He was simply refusing to contradict his uncle.

The break came unexpectedly. May asked one question for which "Uncle Arthur" could have no answer. "Why did you do it, Alton?"

The boy looked puzzled. "Didn't Uncle Arthur tell you?"

"No," replied May, "he didn't."

"I don't rightly know," said the boy, "I really don't. I thought it was wrong, but he asked me to do it. So I did it. I killed Ebba."

The boy then explained how he had carried out his uncle's command. He had soaked a rag in ammonia and stolen upon his stepmother from behind. She had struggled in vain. When her struggles ceased, Alton let her drop to the floor. Then he went to tell his uncle she was dead.

"I could hear the clock in the hallway," added the boy. "It was 11 o'clock, the way Uncle Arthur said it had to be. That's when the stars were right."

But, as the cripple admitted later to Luke May, the stars had not been right. Recalculations showed Arthur his error. Ebba Covell should have lived 14 minutes and 14 seconds longer. This was the explanation of the note the investigators had found. Arthur had made a

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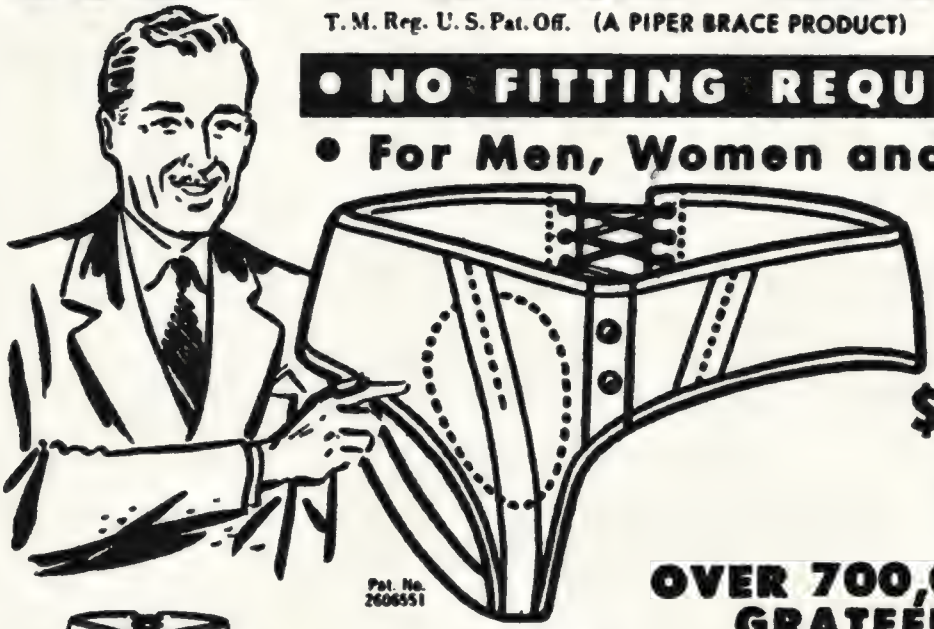

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Address.....

City and State.....

bad mistake in his "configuration."

Amazingly, the cripple confessed readily after learning that Alton had told the truth. At first, however, he refused to talk. He wrote a statement instead:

"I alone was the one to plan the details and select the day. Lucille had nothing to do with the plan or its execution. Both Alton and Lucille were at all times under control of my mind, and my will was their will. They never resisted my influence but did, without question, as I wished things done.

"In regard to Ebba, I told Alton I wanted her out of the way. I told him how to do it without violence and with ammonia. I told him I would choose the day, but I would not force him. If he wanted to refuse, it was all right. But I knew he couldn't help doing as I wanted.

"My brother Fred is innocent. Alton, as an individual, is innocent. I forced my will on him and made him act for me. I used his body and strength as though it were my own. I alone am guilty.

"I have kept Alton under my control for a great many years and it is this which makes him seem not bright. Alton has a mild nature with nothing vicious in his makeup and if left to his own devices would be incapable of taking a human life."

Lethal Question

May had a final meeting with the cripple, chiefly to find out what had motivated the man in the murder of his sister-in-law, and in his scheme to kill 28 others.

"Our destinies," explained Arthur Covell calmly, "are written in the stars, but they are executed here on earth. My horoscope called for me to be the master of men—and I intended to be. Ebba was an experiment. I used her as a guinea pig. I had nothing against her, but she filled my needs."

On May 22, 1929, the cripple, having been found guilty of murder, was carried to the scaffold and hanged.

His destiny may or may not have been written in the stars, but he was executed here on earth.

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A BRIGHT FUTURE

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. 25 million homes now have Television sets; thousands more are being sold every week. About 200 TV stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others are being built. This means more jobs, good pay jobs with bright futures. More TV operators, installation, service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for success in TV.

You Practice Broadcasting *with Equipment I Send*

As part of my Communications Course I send you kits of parts to build the low-power Broadcasting Transmitter shown at left. You use it to get practical experience putting a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. An FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a better job and a bright future. My Course gives the training you need to get your license.

You Practice Servicing *with Equipment I Send*

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. With my Servicing Course you build the modern Radio shown at right, a Multitester which you use to help fix sets while training. Many students make $10, $15 a week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time soon after enrolling. My book shows other equipment you get and keep.

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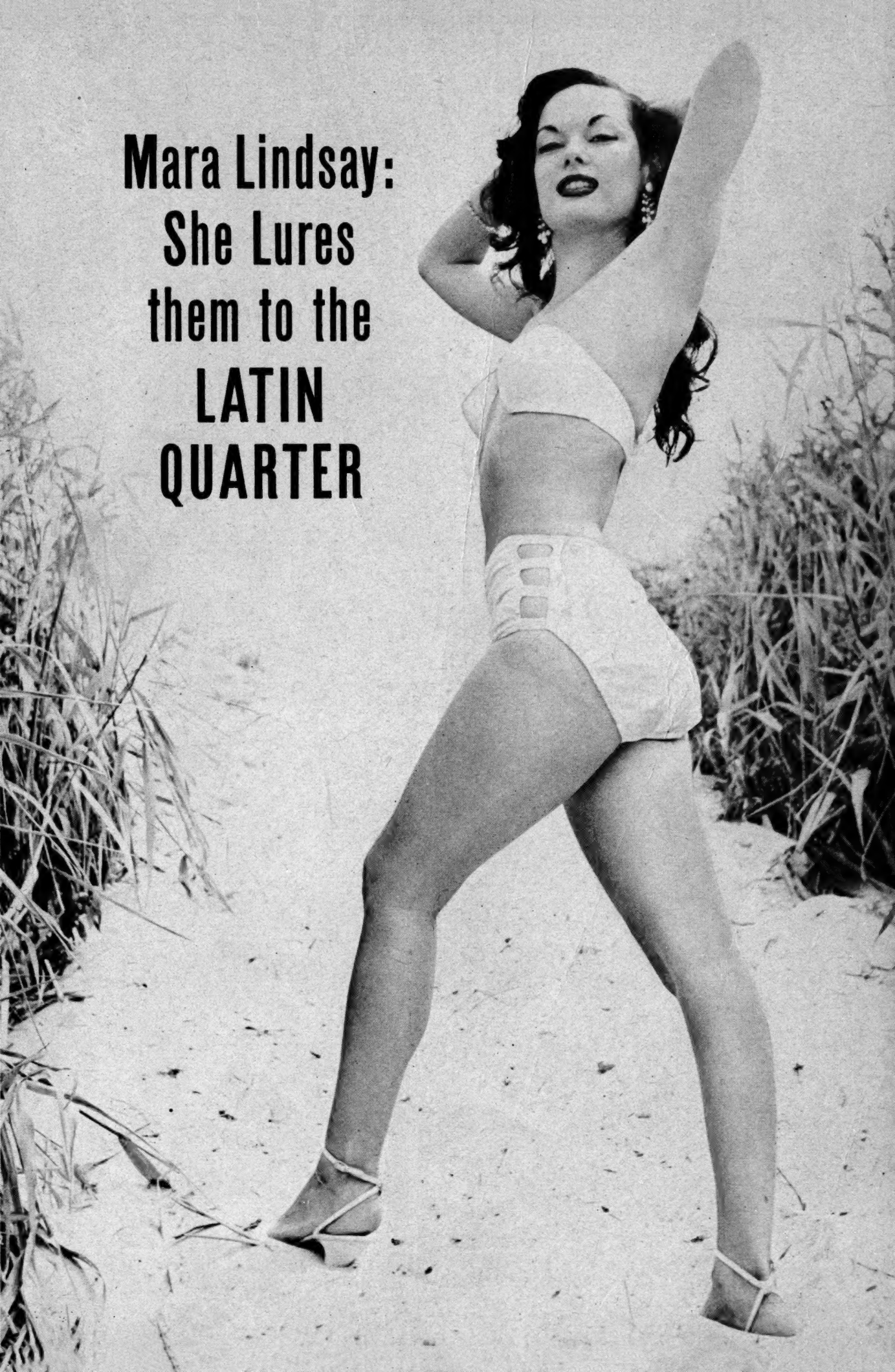
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